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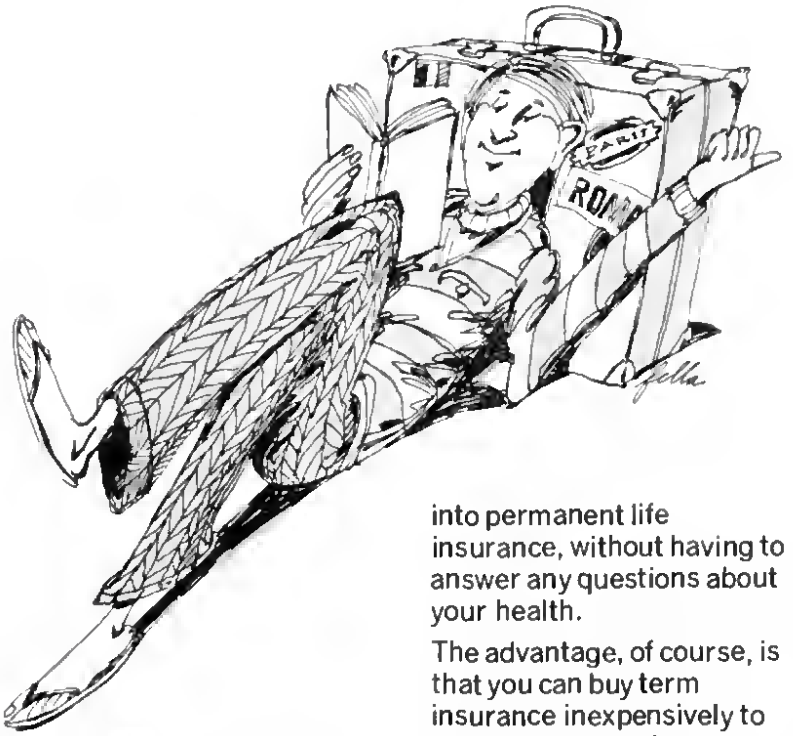

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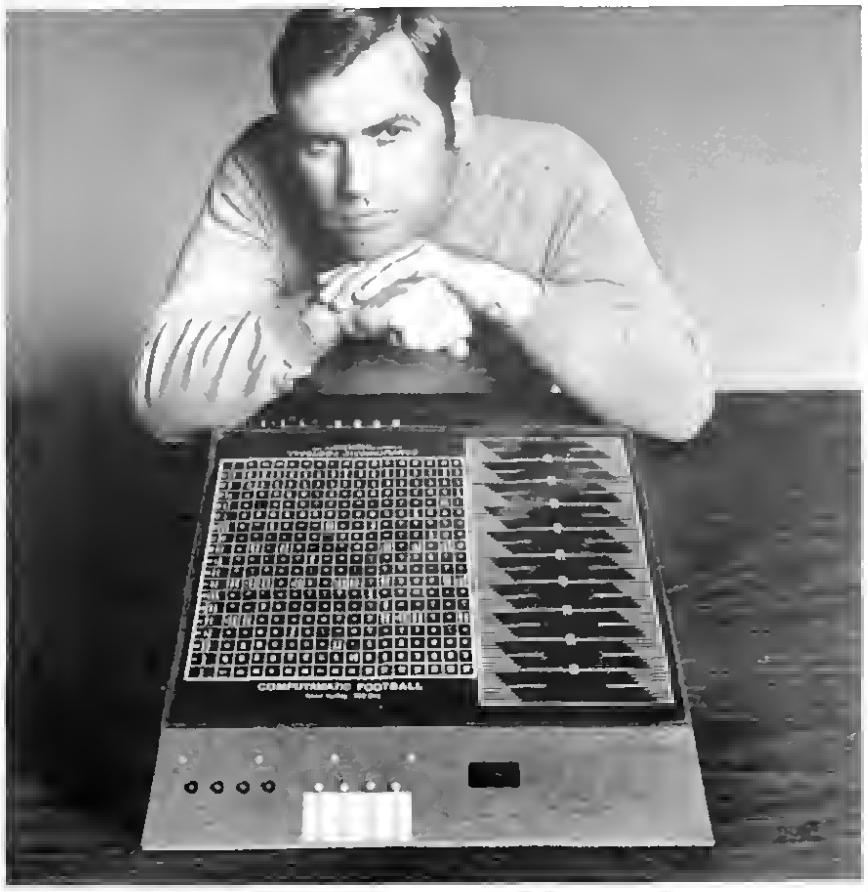

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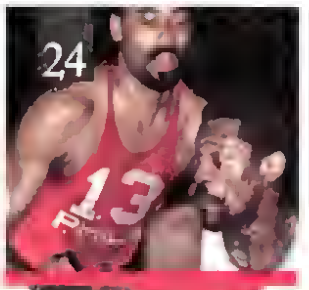

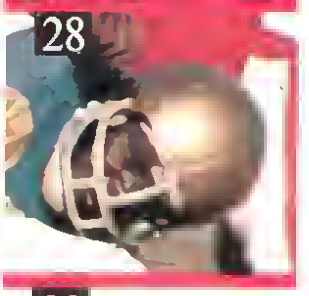

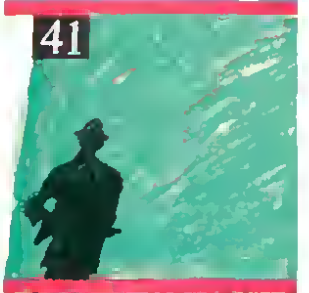

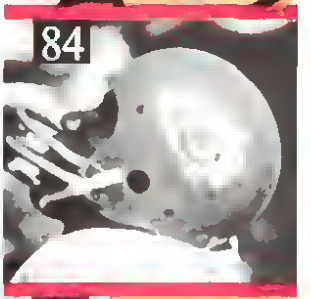

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Next week

A BATTLE OF UNBEATENS pits Auburn, with its high-powered offense that has scored 271 points, against a tough Georgia defense that has yielded only 53 Pat Putnam is on hand

BLESS 'EM BOTH, the long and the short, Minnesota's goalies are sizzling hot. Cesare Maniago is tall, Gump Worsley not, together they star in Mark Mulvoy's team report.

FIVE DAYS in a canoe on the old, worn waters around New York City can lead to quite a few astonishing discoveries. How often, for example, does one paddle under an airport?

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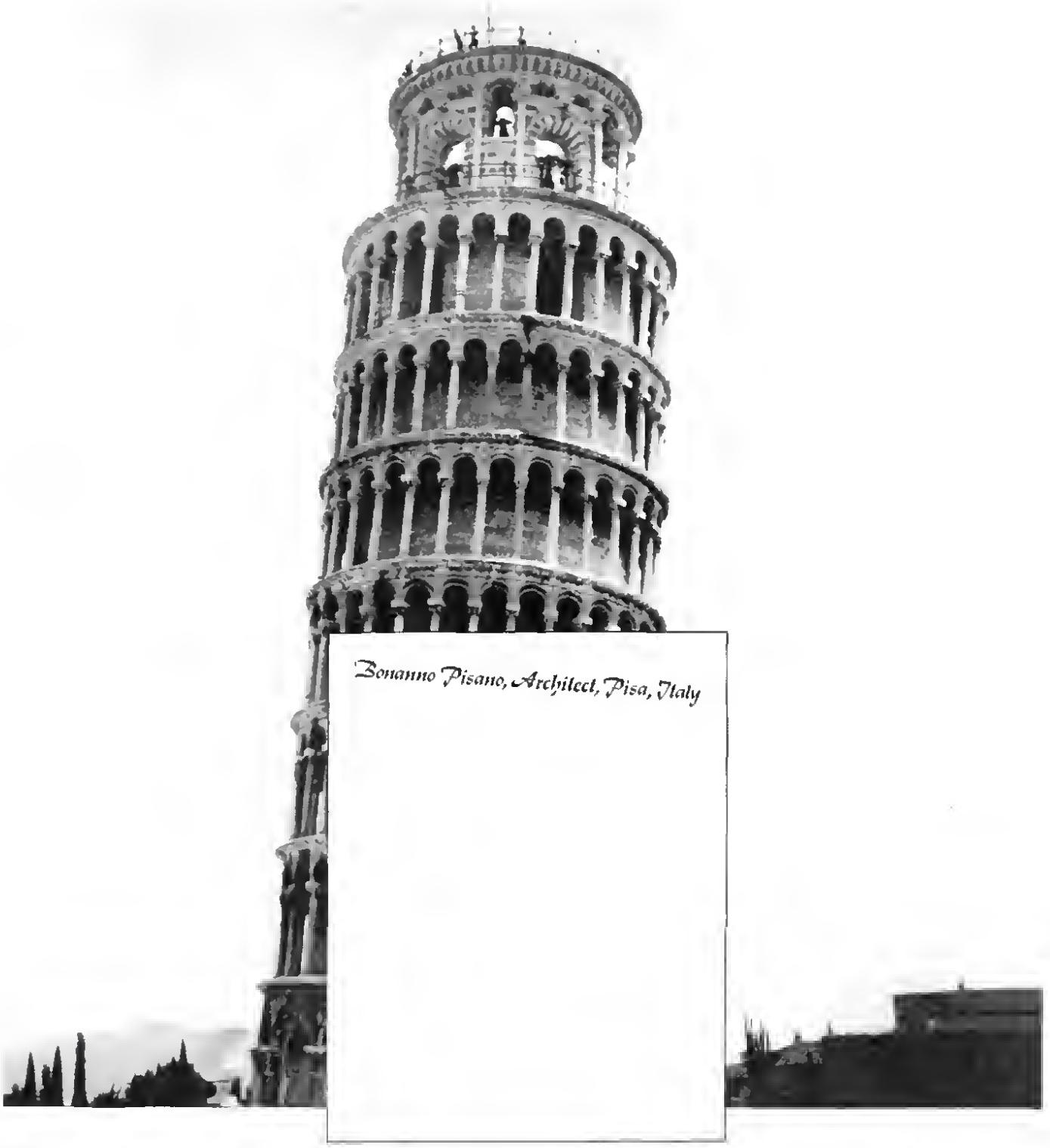

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BLOOD SPORT

In an experiment that might prove the most revolutionary in sports history, a Swedish physiologist named Bjorn Ekblom recently tested seven students on a treadmill, determined their maximum "energy capability" and then extracted roughly a fifth of the blood in their systems. The amount withdrawn, about twice that normally taken from a blood donor, was then stored. The students, tested daily on the treadmill, showed lassitude for a while, but after two weeks their bodies had replenished the blood supply and energy capability was back to normal.

Then, a month after the original bloodletting, the stored blood was returned to their bodies, giving them, in effect, an oversupply. A startling rise in energy was immediately evident. "It was a fantastic feeling," one of the students said, "almost as though you were boiling over with energy." Physical performances soared to levels 20% beyond previous maximums. One observer suggested, "perhaps the blood transfusions provide a surplus of red blood cells, which transport oxygen for increased energy." Dr. George Sheehan, an American internist who is also a marathon runner, commented, "It seems like the sea-level answer to high-altitude acclimatization. What he is doing is raising the oxygen-carrying capacity something on the order of 10% to 12%."

In time, as the body readjusted its blood supply to normal, the students' energy returned to normal, too, but the significance of Professor Ekblom's findings remain. "Blood doping," as the process has been erroneously dubbed, is virtually undetectable. The possibility of preparing an athlete—or a racehorse, for that matter—for a super performance on a specific date is obvious.

Ekblom insisted, "The aim of the study was to study the oxygen transport system. I am not interested in creating supermen. I am frightened at the possibilities of its use within sport."

Despite his demurrer, the findings are certain to have a shattering impact. The prospect is grisly but the possibilities are limitless: runners aiming at Olympic golds, horses entered in the Kentucky Derby, pro football teams preparing for the Super Bowl.

PEARL AT ANY PRICE

Earl (The Pearl) Monroe's unhappiness with Baltimore—he refused to play for the Bullets this fall for a variety of reasons, a lot having to do with money (SI, Nov. 8)—has led the basketball star to lash out in all directions. One article had him saying of the Bullets' management, "They expect loyalty to the organization, but the organization has no loyalty to you."

Owner Abe Pollin reacted angrily. He said he had given Monroe a $10,000 bonus after his first year to help his mother buy a house, paid all the legal fees when the player was involved in a lawsuit, loaned him money after a Baltimore bank had turned him down and helped him pay taxes that he owed. "If all this shows disloyalty to Earl Monroe," Pollin said, "then I'm guilty."

TO BUTE OR NOT TO BUTE

The jockey clubs of England, Ireland and France have come out strongly against Butazolidin, the controversial medication that is a continuing focus of dispute in U.S. horse racing. It is the stuff reportedly found in Dancer's Image after he finished first in the 1968 Kentucky Derby. Pro-Bute horsemen point out that it is neither a stimulant nor a depressant but an anti-inflammatory agent that lets a horse run to his true form, and racing states like California and Colorado now permit its use, with minor restrictions. However, in New York and Florida and Illinois, where it can be used as a medication for animals in training, all traces of it must be gone by the time a horse races again.

Anti-Bute people agree with the three European jockey clubs, which hold that its use is an artificial and uncertain means of keeping a horse in racing condition. An *apparently* sound horse, they argue, is not a sound horse, and racing is based on the premise that all entries are truly fit and ready. The British-Irish-French action is greatly to their liking, since Butazolidin is not supposed to be used on thoroughbreds at any time in those countries. That does not mean it won't be used, particularly in training, since the European jockey clubs have no way of enforcing their edict on horses that are not actually racing.

DON'T TOUCH ME

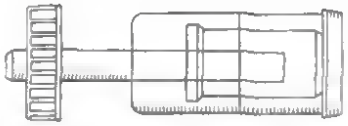
In the first three weeks of football at Georgia Tech this fall there were 137 injuries, including seven concussions, 19 broken bones and 32 wrenched knees. We hasten to add that this was not varsity football, where things were relatively safe and sane. The wave of injuries came in intramural touch, which is a big thing

at Tech. Intramural teams there play the two-handed game, which is rougher than one-hand touch, and they are serious. Almost 2,500 students compete and most of the 84 teams have two nine-man platoons, one offense, one defense.

The injury boom this fall brought about some strict rule changes. Mouthpieces and shoes must now be worn to save wear and tear on teeth and toes. Blocking on kicks is verboten, and "protective" pads on arms and elbows, heretofore a favorite offensive weapon, cannot be worn unless a player has an obvious injury that needs protection.

continued

Raisin Wine Kit for a friend.



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SI 11

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California Raisin Advisory Board

You.

SCORECARD *continued*

Since most of the injuries came from open-field blocking or free swinging with padded arms, Intramural Director Jim Culpepper thinks things will simmer down now (and, indeed, there were 50% fewer injuries the first week under the new rules). But, he adds, in a mixture of concern and admiration, "I believe Teeh students just play harder than anybody else."

PLAN (WAY) AHEAD

In Denver, folks know inflation when they see it. On Oct. 12, after considerable agonizing over how much Federal aid to ask for to help put on the 1976 Winter Olympics, the committee settled on $14 million. Then, on sober second thought, since '76 is a long time off, they got to projecting costs and such and on Oct. 27 decided to up the ante. Could you bump that about 40%, Washington, to, say, $19.6 million? And never mind waiting until 1976—sure would appreciate it if the money could come through in three installments over the next three years, please.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

The court has not yet made a decision on the conflict between the National Football League and the seven Baltimore merchants (SCORECARD, Nov. 8) who claim the Colts-Dolphins game that has been transferred to Baltimore on Dec. 11 is going to ruin their biggest shopping Saturday of the Christmas season. The importance of the schedule change—the game was originally supposed to have been played in Miami—was evidenced in remarks made by Jake Gaither, athletic director of Florida A&M, whose prior claim to the Orange Bowl for the annual Orange Blossom Classic brought about the switch to Baltimore. The NFL game in Miami was not slated to start until 4 p.m., to accommodate TV, which meant there was no way the Orange Blossom game could start at its scheduled 8 p.m. The NFL asked Gaither to switch his starting time—to, say, 11 a.m. Gaither said the Orange Blossom Classic could not make the change and thus jeopardize its chances of drawing a good crowd and revenue without reasonable compensation. He asked for $100,000, later reducing that to $75,000. The NFL felt that was not reasonable and countered, according to Gaither, with an offer of $25,000 in cash, $15,000 in radio-TV advertising time, two scholarships worth

continued

Wyomia Tyus won three Olympic gold medals. You got her off to a flying start.

Wyomia Tyus got the medals for the 100 meter run in the '64 and '68 Olympics . . . the 4x100 meter relay in '68. But it was your financial support that put her and her teammates on the plane for Tokyo and Mexico City. Your contributions that paved the way for a field day for our U.S. athletes.

It takes a lot of money to field a winning Olympic team. And there's an easy way for you to help raise that money: buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques.

Because every time you buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques, part of the proceeds from the sale go to the U.S. Olympic Committee. So by asking for our travelers cheques at your bank, you help equip and train our athletes. Help them get to the Olympics. Help them win when they get there. And it doesn't cost you anything extra.

We think everybody should back our Olympic team. And if you buy that, you'll buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques. They're sold at leading banks everywhere.

They don't cost any more.
They just do a lot more.

Bob Griese wears The Traveller knit suit from Sears, because whoever heard of a wrinkled Dolphin.

Bob Griese, Miami Dolphin quartarback, likes comfortabla, easy-to-care-for clothes, which is why he likes The Traveller. You see, being a knit suit, The Traveller hardly ever wrinkles. And when it does, shaking it out and hanging it up for a whila gets rid of the wrinkles. The comfortable part is the way The Traveller stretches slightly, then bounces back to its original shape. The Traveller. The suit that was packed and unpacked 12 times in 18 days and never neaded pressing. Sae it in Tha Traveller Knit Shop at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores (and on Bob Griese) in year-around polyester, and in all sorts of styles, colors and patterns.

SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

Sears The Men's Store

You can get the best insurance deal in town. If you just remember our name.

It's tough to have an anonymous-sounding name in today's competitive world.

There are lots of companies with "Mutual" in their name. Quite a few with "Benefit." And, of course, hundreds with the word "Life."

So we've gone to extra trouble to help you remember our name Mutual Benefit Life.

We think you should know who we are. Because there's only one company that does business the way we do.

Our company.

Ask your accountant, lawyer or banker about our reputation.

We've built it on the quality of our policies And on the caliber of the men who represent us.

We've built it on our record of promptness in paying benefits and in handling requests for service.

Besides, over the past 126 years we've pioneered some of the more liberal contract provisions in the industry.

So, what we provide is memorable

Mutual Benefit Life A name to remember

Which of these cities has the safest air to breathe?

Boston

New York

Philadelphia

Chicago

St. Louis

San Francisco

Los Angeles

San Francisco has the safest air out of these seven cities. But don't pack your bag. The air in San Francisco is polluted. It's just not as bad as New York, where you inhale the equivalent of a half-pack of cigarettes on an average day.* If you don't smoke.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities. And they're all doing something about air pollution. It's a big responsibility. Because our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WBBM Newsradio is the CBS station that serves the Chicago area. They ran a series entitled "Pollution in Chicago." It zeroed in on Chicago's ten major air and water polluters. Other community-spirited groups joined the outcry against the polluters. The result? Chicago's air is still dirty. But not as dirty as it was.

Whether the problem is air pollution or drugs, unemployment or crime, or simply the news of the day, the people of these seven cities can turn to a CBS Owned radio station for help. In fact, we've won quite a few awards for our community service. But that doesn't mean we're going to rest on our laurels.

Because a laurel doesn't do you much good when what you really had in mind was a nice breath of fresh air.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WEEI Newsradio 59, Boston
WCBS Newsradio 88, New York
WCAU Radio 121, Philadelphia
WBBM Newsradio 78, Chicago
KMOX Radio 1120, St. Louis
KCBS Newsradio 74, San Francisco
KNX Newsradio 1070, Los Angeles
Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales

*Based on benzpyrene content of New York City air samples as measured by the Department of Air Resources
Source of city ranking: New York Times Encyclopedic Almanac, 1971, based on National Center for Air Pollution Control report.

More than just time

Inspired styling, traditional accuracy, dependable performance. Extra features for today's exacting and busy world. Above all, the Hamilton name and reputation, synonymous with excellence for 80 years. For yourself or for a special gift, see your Hamilton jeweler's complete selection.

HAMILTON

A GOLDEN CLASSIC GH 14K gold case and bracelet, $275

B ELECTRONIC 6008* calender, $105

C LA-6402* self-winding, calender, $130

D DAY 'N DATE 4001* self-winding, $110

E CHRONOMATIC D*, self-winding, calendar, chronograph and stop watch, diver's model, $200

F. GOLDEN CLASSIC HJ, 16 diamonds 16 sapphires, 14K gold case and bracelet, $1000

Hamilton-Official watch of Delta Air Lines

*Water-resistant Other Hamilton models to $1650 Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna. 17604

Prophet. Leader of men.
Modern-day discoverer of the Promised Land.

Jack Roberts of Carson Roberts,
now a division of Ogilvy & Mather,
answering the question
"Can a young man
from Portland, Oregon
find happiness
. and money... as creative head
of a western trail-blazing advertising agency?"

Well, today, Carson/Roberts
is a $30 million a year tribute
to the two men who had enough guts
to ask the question.

But extending Madison Avenue
into downtown California
took more than guts.

Just who does Jack Roberts think he is?

It took the same kind
of smart business decisions
that keep Carson Roberts on top in L.A.

Like placing advertising for Flying Tiger
and Fairchild Semiconductor
in Business Week.

Jack knows an ad in Business Week
is seen by more of the highest level
decision makers per dollar
than in any other business book.

But he also knows
that Business Week is a great place
to sell an advertising agency.

Because it's read by more
than 130,000 company presidents and owners—
the guys who assign and reassign entire accounts—
to guys like Jack Roberts
(Making our special
Index to Advertisers and Agencies section
particularly useful.)

Conclusion
When an agency sells in Business Week,
the client gets the best chance
for new business with less money.

And the agency
sells itself in the bargain.

Advertise in Business Week

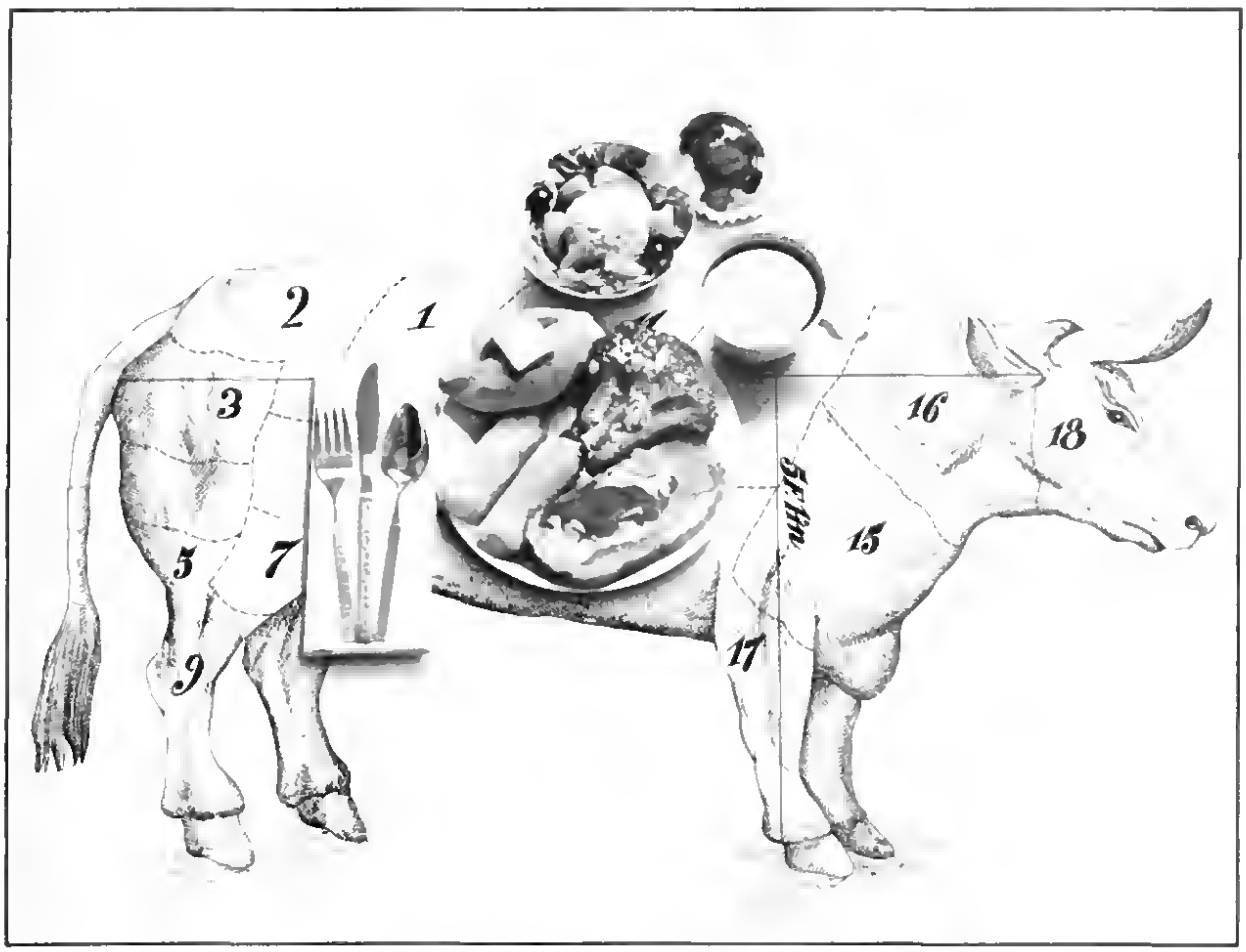
Find your own Promised Land

Business Week
We mean business

THE BEST RUN COMPANY IN THE SKY INTRODUCES THE BEEFEATER.

For our Los Angeles bound Coach passengers: big, juicy cuts of roast prime rib. (The same prime beef we use in First Class.) Served au jus on warmed, individually prepared plates—on all non-stop lunch and dinner flights between Chicago and Los Angeles.

For information and reservations, call your travel agent or Continental Airlines at 686-6500.



CONTINENTAL AIRLINES
THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

This is no time to find out you don't have a second bottle of Chivas in the house. Plan ahead.

Ted Williams QUALITY

When you see this brand name, you know the equipment has been tested and approved by a Sears Sports Advisory Staff member. Ted Williams, Chairman, tested this shotgun personally. You know you can count on it for quality, value and performance.

Ted Williams wanted a shotgun a man could use for just about any kind of hunting. And Sears got him the gun he wanted. It's one gun that shoots like six. Because it's got a six-position choke built-in.

So you can shoot skeet and trap. Geese, duck, quail. And even deer. Without ever changing guns.

Ted says, "It's one of the smoothest pumping shotguns I've ever used. And one of the best balanced, too."

The Ted Williams Model 200 shotgun. 12 or 20 gauge.

A lot of shotgun. For a lot less money than you'd think.

In the Hunt Shops at Sears Sports Centers. Or in the Sears, Roebuck and Co. catalog.

Sears Firearm Policy. Purchaser must be resident of state where selling store is located. Delivery must be taken in selling store. *All sales subject to applicable* Federal, State, and Local laws.

Sears

SPORTS CENTER

home of the Ted Williams brand

The Ted Williams Model 200.

Because you shouldn't have to buy all kinds of guns to do all kinds of shooting.

If you could get close enough you'd see he's smoking a Gold Label Corona DeVille.

The man who is usually surrounded by people is a man who usually surrounds himself with things of good taste.
Like a handsomely crafted Gold Label cigar.
Gold Label comes in a fine selection of sizes and shapes. You too will find one to fit your public image as well as your private one.
Light one up, and treat yourself to the mild aroma of rich imported tobaccos. Those first puffs are always a pleasure to the senses. The last puffs, always a confirmation of your first impression.

If you're a man who makes a winning impression, smoke a Gold Label Corona De Ville. It's the cigar other people like to be around.

Gold Label

Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida

PALMA CANDELA • STILETTO • JAGUAR • PANETELA GRANDE • SWAGGER • DINO

If you avoid unnatural contaminants in your food, laundry and lifestyle, why not in your music?

You're constantly being told to eat organically grown vegetables, drink bottled spring water and wash your clothes in biodegradable detergents.

Yet you seldom hear anyone talk about avoiding contaminated music.

It's ironic, since to some people, at least, music is as important as eating or breathing.

And these are often the same people who do most of their listening through that tinny distortion machine, the transistor radio. Or they spend hours glued to one of those $99.95 "hi-fi" sets.

Perhaps they aren't aware that contaminated music can grievously affect their musical perspective.

We doubt, in fact, that a person who has grown up with the phoney bass and shrill treble of a 3-inch speaker would even recognize the true sound of a cello or an oboe. And don't think that classical music is the only kind that suffers. A steady diet of canned string bass and garbled lead singers can also warp your judgment of the real thing.

You could end up preferring canned sounds to the fresh, natural sounds that people and instruments actually make.

At Fisher, we think that would be a pity. Because natural sound is what we live for.

We make virtually every kind of stereo equipment — components, compacts, consoles — all of them designed to reproduce music as it really is.

In our most expensive equipment, we like to think we come extremely close to the pure sound of live music. In our less expensive equipment, we still come awfully close. We guarantee that if you grow up with Fisher equipment, no matter what the price category, you'll have a genuine appreciation for uncontaminated sound.

Of course, if you're a fanatical purist (and we're not saying that's bad), you'll only be satisfied with the one thing that sounds purer than Fisher stereo.

Real, live music.

Fisher

We invented high fidelity.

For more information, see history-making offer on right. →

$1,500 each and 3,000 tickets to the Colts-Dolphins game. But tickets and advertising would not directly benefit Florida A&M, said Gaither, and the offer was declared unacceptable. The harassed NFL finally gave up and switched the game to Baltimore—and ran into the seven angry merchants. No rest for the weary

CHICKEN BIG

Chicken is a slang adjective for fear, timidity or cowardice, and it seems a fair enough term—until you consider the noble rooster, who is, after all, 100% chicken. The other day in southern Ohio a rooster attacked a 17-pound bald eagle that was trying to swipe a hen. Fighting the eagle with beak and spur across 100 feet of barnyard, the rooster raked the eagle's head with his spurs and then broke one of the big bird's wings with another powerful blow. Late reports say the eagle is recovering at a veterinary center, while the rooster is still strutting around his yard, occasionally cocking a defiant eye aloft.

GRRR, KIND OF

The froward philosophy of the Philadelphia Eagles' fiery Tim Rossovich (SI, Sept. 20) has inspired the defensive line of Holy Cross High School in River Grove, Ill. Members of the five-man unit have had their mothers sew "Rossovich" across the backs of their jerseys, and during games rooters chant "Rossovich! Rossovich! Rossovich!"

Defensive End Mike Pianetto says, "We read what an animal he is. It got us all psyched up. He has a mean image, and that's the kind of image we want to project on the football field. We could have named ourselves Butkus, but everyone knows him. Rossovich is new. I don't think our mothers know who he is. Maybe it's just as well."

The inspiration seems to work. Through eight games not one touchdown had been scored by rushing against Holy Cross, and the team was tied for first place in its conference. Holy Cross Coach Frank Mariani says, "If that's what turns them on, it's fine with me. Football is all emotion today. Of course, 15 years ago I would have ripped the name off their backs. The other coaches say I should have done it this year. After all, Rossovich isn't the greatest guy in the world."

And not only that. Yielding to the stern dictum of the Eagles' new coach, Ed Khayat, Rossovich dutifully shaved off his mustache. Now, what kind of animal is that? And where does this leave the Holy Cross defensive line?

WEIGHTY RESULTS

Ever since the Balfour Declaration of 1917 guaranteed the existence of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, there has been ambivalence, to say the least, between the British and the Israelis. But the scores of two basketball games played recently in Cyprus could bring about a more polarized attitude: the Israel Air Force beat the Royal Air Force contingent in Cyprus 207-54 and then beat the British Army 179-46.

STEAM CAR 'ROUND THE BEND

Reports persist that Bill Lear (SI, Feb. 3, 1969) is close to road-testing his new steam car. An experimental steam-turbine system was installed in a Chevrolet Monte Carlo last month for indoor tests on a static dynamometer, an instrument that simulates actual driving conditions, taking the car at various speeds and accelerations up and down hills and around curves. The tests were deemed successful, although the system is back in the shops undergoing what a Lear spokesman called "some engineering changes we knew beforehand we would have to make." (A key refinement is making sure the steam car meets Detroit's standards.) An actual working model that can be driven like any other car is supposed to be ready in a few more months.

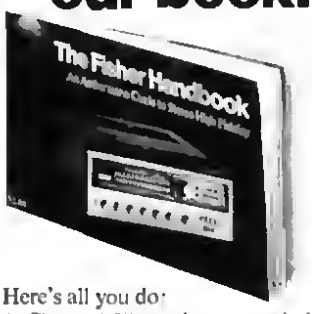
THEY SAID IT

• Tom Workman, former NBA-ABA basketball player: "They tell you to join the NBA and see all the big cities. New York with all the lights, San Francisco with its night life, San Diego's sunshine. They also say join the ABA and see the U.S.A. Unfortunately, I found this included Steubenville, Ohio, Amarillo, Texas, Elko, Nevada, Cedar City, Utah and Biloxi, Mississippi."

• Jim Sweeney, Washington State football coach, on the delayed running play in which WSU Halfback Bernard Jackson hid the ball between his legs, then pulled it out and ran 46 yards to score: "One of the defensive players came in and actually laid his hand on Bernard's head, just like a bishop. It was as though he were commissioning him, 'Go, my son, into the promised land.'" **END**

We invented high fidelity, so we have a big stake in making people understand it.

That's why we're willing to pay you a dollar to read our book.



Here's all you do:

1. Clip and fill out the coupon below.

2. Call the telephone number in the coupon to find your nearest participating Fisher dealer. (We'll pay for the call.)

3. Go to this dealer's store and present the coupon.

You'll receive a free copy of the new 1972 edition of "The Fisher Handbook," you may have a demonstration of Fisher stereo equipment—and you'll be handed a crisp new dollar bill.

That's all.

No strings. No catch. No obligations.

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When properly filled out and presented by anyone over the age of 18 to a participating Fisher dealer, this coupon will be exchanged for a copy of the new 1972 edition of "The Fisher Handbook" plus the sum of $1.00 (one dollar). This offer is available strictly on a one time basis through participating independent Fisher dealers, who may discontinue the offer at any time. Coupon is void where taxed, restricted or prohibited by law. Offer expires December 13, 1971

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AS/SI3

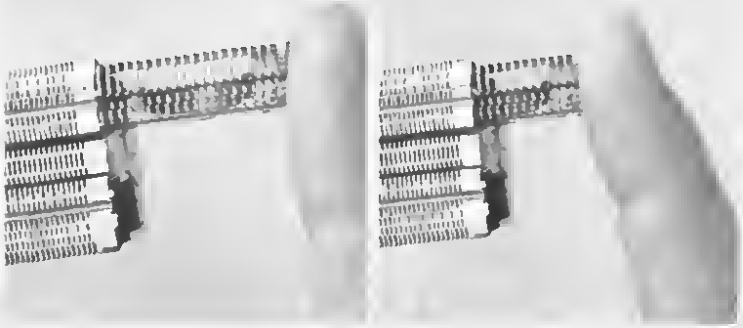
Bonus! Worth $29.95! The bearer of the above coupon will receive a free Fisher HP-70 stereo headphone set (normally $29.95) with any purchase of Fisher equipment from $250.00 up.

Introducing the only shaver in the world with a 2-year sharpness guarantee!

The new Schick StaySharp- shaves as sharp as new year after year!

The blades are pre-honed to the head!

So they actually sharpen themselves!



For dealer nearest you call toll-free 800-631-1971, in New Jersey, call 800-962-2803

You don't have to put up with replaceable blades. Or any electric that gets dull after a time.

StaySharp blades are chromium steel. They're matched and honed to the specific head, fitting the head at a precise angle.

So as they work back and forth—the edges don't get dull—they actually keep on sharpening themselves!

Which means a perfectly close shave, day after day, year after year

Get the new Schick StaySharp and you'll never lose your edge!

SCHICK

What to look for in your first full-sized car.

First, congratulations.

The moment that comes in the life of every successful person: your first full-sized luxury car.

You didn't get here by throwing your money around. And you don't want to start now. You want all the room, comfort and convenience you can get for your automotive dollar.

The very things that have made LeSabre, the Buick we sell more of than any other.

Because it's a lot of full-sized Buick for the price.

And perhaps the perfect first, full-sized luxury car for you.

It has the room inside you expect of a full-sized car. Spacious, stretch-out room set on a 124-inch wheelbase. Room for a family. Over 18 cubic feet of trunk room.

A Buick 350-cubic-inch V8 engine is standard. Powerful, yet economical on regular, low-lead or no-lead gas.

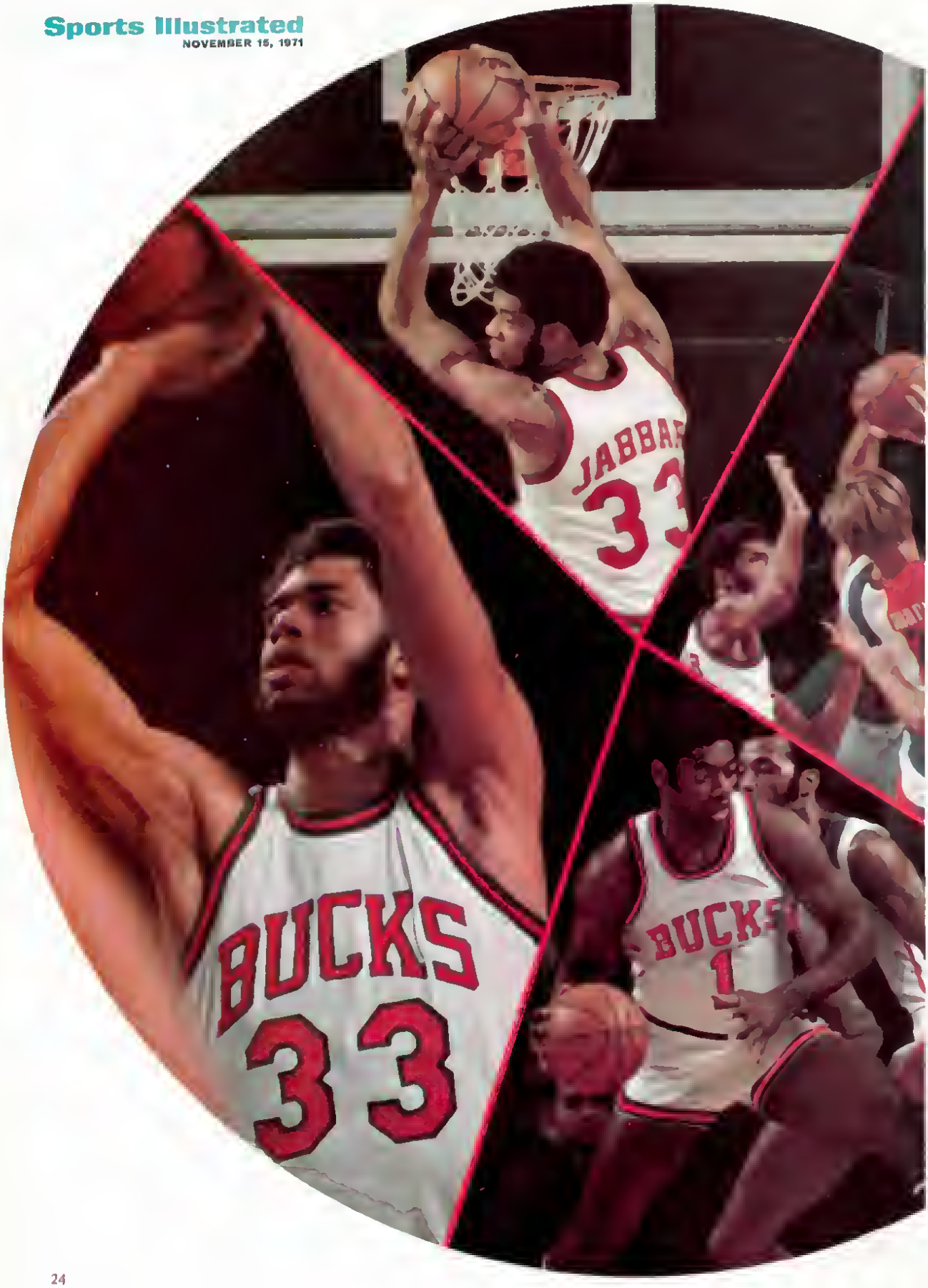
And LeSabre is equipped the way you expect a car of its class to be equipped – three-speed Turbo Hydra-matic transmission, standard. Power front disc brakes, standard. Variable-ratio power steering, standard.

Plus all the extra things that make a Buick a Buick, like nickel-plated exhaust valves in the engine, a Full Flo ventilation system, semi-closed cooling system, thick plush carpeting, and more.

And don't forget resale. Now's the time to think about it. Buicks have always had traditionally high returns at trade-in time.

See your Buick dealer now. Look over a new LeSabre. And see for yourself what you ought to look for in your first full-sized car. It's all there. Buick's seen to it.

1972 Buick LeSabre. Something to believe in.


JABBAR
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BUCKS
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THE BEST TEAM—EVER

The Milwaukee Bucks are headed for their second straight NBA title. SI's expert argues that they will soon become the finest basketball team ever, perhaps the top pro team in any sport at any time **by PETER CARRY**

This statement is sure to sting regional pride from sea to shining sea, but on the off chance that you had not noticed: American professional sport is suffering from a shortage of superteams. The Baltimore Orioles are playing in Japan, a tour that would have been a whole lot more triumphant if the Best Damn Team in Baseball had been able to convince the Pittsburgh Pirates. Back on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, the Super Bowl champion Baltimore Colts have yet to establish that they can beat the Miami Dolphins in their own division. As for the fabulous Boston Bruins, they went for the Stanley Cup again—and could not even get into the semifinals of the NHL playoffs. So much for superteams.

Where have all the giants gone? Where are the teams to compare with the 1927 Yankees, the 1941 Bears, the 1956 Canadiens? It happens there is one around, and it plays professional basketball in Milwaukee. Last season, the team's first in ascendancy, the Bucks wrung all the juice out of the rest of the NBA. Losing just 16 times during the regular season, Milwaukee ravaged the toughest division in its league by 15 games, out-

continued

Circling all comers, the Bucks rank close to Bill Russell's Celtics (above), ahead of Wilt Chemberlein's 76ers (top right) and far up on the old-time Lakers of George Mikan (right).

scored its opponents by a far wider margin (12.2 points per game) than any previous champion and then loped easily through the playoffs, winning the final round in the minimum four games. And neither Milwaukee's enthusiasm nor its dominance seems dampened so far this season. After two intradivisional wins over Chicago and Detroit last weekend, Milwaukee (10-1) had opened a two-game lead while overwhelming the opposition by an average of 20.4 points.

None of today's professional basketball teams can approach the Bucks, and if one recognizes a steamroller when it comes down the road, probably few teams of the past could match them, either. These are the new giants of basketball, and a good way to realize how big they have grown is to go back and look at the old-model superteams.

Go back to 1948-54, when the Minneapolis Lakers, led by George Mikan, first of the overpowering pro centers, won five of six NBA championships. Their best season was 1949-50, when the Lakers took 51 of 68 games and were 10-2 in the playoffs. Bill Russell's Boston Celtics were the champs 11 times between 1956-69, a record of consistent superiority unparalleled in pro sport. None of those Celtic teams was more punishing than the 1964-65 club, which ran off a 62-18 regular season record, then knocked Los Angeles out of the postseason finals 4 games to 1. And while Boston was certainly grand, many experts feel that Philadelphia in 1966-67—with the massive front line of Wilt Chamberlain, Luke Jackson and Chet Walker—was even better. The 76ers' record of 68-13 remains unsurpassed, and Philadelphia easily won the playoffs, even though both Boston and San Francisco were exceptionally strong that year.

The most notable attribute shared by all three early teams—and last year's Bucks—was a fine balance of offense and defense. Although Milwaukee and Philadelphia were powerful scorers, each leading the league, neither gave up too much at the other end of the court, where they finished third in points allowed. With Russell dominating at both ends, Boston's top-rated defense received unanimous acclaim, often at the expense of the Celtic scoring, which ranked third.

Thus the per-game difference between points scored and points allowed is a fine index for identifying giants. Good clubs compile positive averages, bad clubs negative ones. For example: last season the good Chicago Bulls had a plus 5.2 while the bad Cleveland Cavaliers were minus 11.2. But great teams have overpowering margins.

Sure, championships belong to teams that win the important games, but outstanding champions win the big ones—and most all the others, too—by impressive scores. And while comparing average scoring margins of great champions from different eras is a tricky business because playing conditions have changed, there is a way. In the finest Laker years, the 24-second clock was not yet in use; scores, and consequently margins of victory, were lower. But a reliable comparison involves determining how thoroughly each team dominates its league in its own time. Call this relationship the Dominance Index, since it compares the average margin of the champion with that of the next best team in the same year and yields a percentage figure. The D.I. thus takes into account differences in playing conditions and overall league strength.

Some observers downgrade the Milwaukee achievements of last season because the NBA diluted the playing talent by adding three new franchises. Still, the other good teams, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, received comparable advantages from expansion. So it figures that a comparison holds the same validity as a similar computation involving the Celtics and second-best St. Louis Hawks in 1964-65, when the league had not expanded in four years.

According to the Dominance Index, the Bucks are already far better than many experts are willing to concede. Milwaukee's 235 figure stands well above the 104 for Minneapolis or Philadelphia's 117. It is exceeded only by the Celtics' percentage of 277. But it should be remembered that the Bucks, after just one championship season, rank only slightly behind Boston—which reached its peak in its eighth title-winning year. In fact, if Milwaukee maintains its early pace of this season and decisively wins another championship, the Bucks could pass the Celtics and become statistically the most dominant NBA team ever.

So how about a few dream games? Although most coaches and former players agree that today's Bucks would de-

THE BUCKS AGAINST THE BEST

Team	Standing	Winning Percentage	Offense Based on average points per game	Defense Based on average points allowed	Dominance Index*
1949-50 Minneapolis Lakers	NBA champions	76%	Fourth 84.1	Second 75.7	104%
1964-65 Boston Celtics	NBA champions	76%	Third 112.8	First 104.5	277%
1966-67 Philadelphia 76ers	NBA champions	82%	First 125.2	Third 115.8	117%
1970-71 Milwaukee Bucks	NBA champions	81%	First 118.4	Third 106.2	235%

Based on the average winning margin compared with the average margin of the next best team that season

feat the old Lakers, they reject arguments favoring the Bucks over the old 76ers or Celtics. "Milwaukee doesn't have the kind of depth you need," says K. C. Jones, the former Boston guard who is now ex-teammate Bill Sharman's assistant coach at Los Angeles. "That one team in Philly, I thought, was the best in the league, with Wilt, Jackson, Walker, Hal Greer and Wally Jones. All of them could score. With us in Boston, we had three guys who could score. One year we had four—we were a tough club. The Bucks've got Jabbar and they've got Oscar Robertson at guard—but they don't have that forward who's worth 20 points all by himself. If they had one, then they'd have the nucleus. But, as of now, they're not stronger than the other clubs."

On a position-by-position basis the Bucks certainly do not fare well in comparison with the other teams, even the Lakers. Young Milwaukee Forwards Bob Dandridge and Greg Smith are not yet as good as the oldtime Minneapolis cornermen, Vern Mikkelsen and Jim Pollard. The Boston and Philadelphia lineups were stronger than the Bucks' at all positions other than the two filled by Jabbar and Robertson. And both teams boasted the superior bench strength Milwaukee lacks. Celtic John Havlicek and 76er Billy Cunningham, the sixth men during their clubs' best years, were the two forwards chosen to the NBA All-Star team last year.

However, a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sampling of opinion from coaches and former players—almost all of whom agree with K. C. Jones—may hold the key to why Milwaukee is better than it appears. There are simply no quarrels left among pro basketball men over who the best center is—or was. They all concur on Kareem Jabbar, and many embellish their endorsements with loud huzzahs.

"Jabbar is the difference," explains Joe Mullaney, who coached the Lakers for two seasons before joining the ABA Colonels this year. "When you rate him, how far up the scale do you put him? Or do you go off the scale? Do you give him 10 on a scale of 10 or go ahead and give him a 40? He can so dominate a game."

"I think Jabbar combines pretty much what Russell and Chamberlain have individually specialized in," says Cincinnati Coach Bob Cousy. "And I think perhaps he has the physical ability to do both as well or better than either of them. The question is how long he can sustain it; whether he has the determination to sustain it, like Russell."

Since all the best teams have achieved excellence largely through the abilities of their extraordinary centers—Mikan, Russell, Chamberlain and Jabbar—it is possible that the Bucks, with the most talented of them all, can become the most dominant team without a full quota of strength at every position.

To stop Milwaukee, Jabbar must be contained. Buck Coach Larry Costello has designed his offense around winging the ball to Kareem in the low post and then letting the defense scramble as he wheels toward the basket or passes to an open teammate. How to stop it?

"I don't know whether it's worth going into," says Cousy of the Cincinnati approach to playing Jabbar. "You kind of play it by ear. We alternate double teaming on him. One quarter we'll send a double team in from behind. Another quarter from the front. I guess you could say we alternate strategy and get down on our knees and pray. There's just not a lot you can do."

"To play the Bucks effectively you have to make adjustments," agrees Celtic Coach Tom Heinsohn, whose team is the only one to beat the Bucks this year. "Jabbar's secret is that he is 7' 4" and very smart. When you try to double-team him, he picks it up in a jiffy."

"I think you have to have a running game and sustain it," says the Lakers' Sharman. "If you let Milwaukee set up with Jabbar in the middle, those little quick forwards will pressure you up tight."

"We try to penetrate against them," says Philadelphia's Jack Ramsay.

"My approach to beating Milwaukee is to concede that Jabbar will score, and make him the sole responsibility of one player, Wes Unseld," explains Bullet Coach Gene Shue. "I'd plan to control the other four guys. New York did that well last year."

The Knicks did indeed beat the Bucks in four of five games last year, largely because, according to Coach Red Holzman, "the personnel on our club blended well playing against theirs." But with Willis Reed now out with tendinitis, the Knicks have had trouble with teams far less powerful than Milwaukee. The Bucks do not play New York until January and, if Reed is well by then, it will be interesting to discover if the Knicks can repeat their achievement of being the only team capable of defeating the Bucks more than twice last year.

Former Milwaukee Assistant Tom Nissalke, who now coaches the ABA's Chaparrals, has more definite ideas of how the Bucks can be beaten. "There are a couple of things you've got to do," he says. "One is hold the tempo of the game as slow as possible. Maintaining discipline and refusing to fast break are important because the Bucks are a spurt team. If you try to run with them, they might throw the ball away 30 times during the game, but sometime in there they'll roll up 14 straight points on you, and that'll be all they need to win.

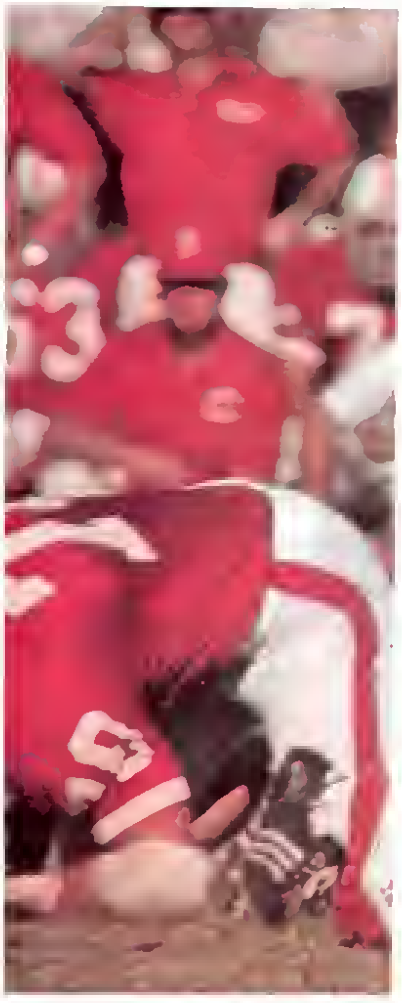
"I'd also sag in on them and concede the outside shot. If you sag in, Kareem will throw it back outside and you've got some hope. The Bucks shot over 50% last year, which was a record, because teams allowed them to get the break and shoot inside. And the thing you've got to stop at all costs is letting Jabbar roll into the middle for his skyhook. Block him—let him do anything—but don't let him have that shot.

"Another reason you've got to sag is because you can't possibly stop them from getting the ball inside. Larry Costello has devised a myriad of ways of getting the ball to Jabbar, so that there's no way of stopping it often. You gotta play it as if the ball is already there. There's also not much sense to pressing them. Oscar's going to get the ball up the floor, anyhow. The fast forwards might blow by you for an easy basket or they may end up with Kareem isolated one-on-one under the basket. All he needs then is a high lob pass."

Ironically, despite all the confusion he has caused, Costello remains unsatisfied: "We can play better basketball than we have. I'd like to see if we could put it all together. I don't think it'll be too long."

The Bucks did just that twice last year, once when they defeated Baltimore by 52 points and again in the playoffs, steamrolling San Francisco by 50. A few more such displays could clinch the title of Best Basketball Team Ever for the Bucks. But if they do it, there will be little else to conquer. The Dominance Index already shows that the Celtics, not the 1927 Yankees, not the 1941 Bears, not the 1955-56 Canadiens, were the best pro team in any sport. END

BURIED UNDER A SEA OF TROUBLES



This is not an Academy Award year for West Coast football—USC has been beaten four times, UCLA seven—but even worse is its unhappy relationship with the governors of the college sport **by RON FIMRITE**

Pacific Coast football teams have not really been swallowed up by oil slicks or sucked into the San Andreas Fault. They are alive, if not wholly well, in California, Oregon and Washington. But those who compare the Pacific Eight with, say, the Catonsville Nine, are not being entirely hyperbolic. This has not been a happy season for college football in the Far West.

The Coast teams have been regularly receiving their intersectional lumps, resulting in a conspicuous absence from the Top Ten rankings for much of the season. They have only USC's 28–14 astonishment of Notre Dame and Oregon State's 24–18 upset of Arizona State for genuine solace. But then, as UCLA's star-crossed Pepper Rodgers has rationalized: "What's a strong conference anyway? Two, maybe three real good teams and a lot of also-rans. We just don't have those real good teams this year." They certainly meet the rest of the requirements.

It is true that Coast fans have been spoiled in recent years. Over a five-year stretch from 1965 through 1969, either USC or UCLA was ranked among the top five teams in the nation, with USC finishing first, second and third in '67, '68 and '69. Of the last 10 Heisman Trophy winners, five have been from the Pacific Coast—Oregon State's Terry Baker ('62), USC's Mike Garrett ('65), UCLA's Gary Beban ('67), USC's O. J. Simpson ('68) and Stanford's Jim Plunkett ('70). And for 50 years the Coast has been favored with some of the nation's most glamorous teams—Southern California's Thundering Herd, California's Wonder and Thunder teams, Stanford's Vow and Wow Boys, Pappy Waldorf's Deep Freeze powerhouses at Berkeley 20 years ago, USC's Wild Bunch and on and on.

So maybe a slump of some sort was due. Off the record to date, it seems to have arrived. Take the season's opening day, Sept. 11; in seven games against representative opponents, Cal lost to Arkansas 51–20, Oregon lost to Nebraska 34–7, Washington State lost to Kansas 34–0, Oregon State lost to Georgia 56–25, USC lost to Alabama 17–10 and UCLA lost to Pittsburgh 29–25. Stanford was the only winner, 19–0 over Missouri. That is six losses and one win, 221 points for the outsiders and 106 for the Pacific Eight. Is that any way to open a football season?

The conference has settled down since that calamitous beginning, winning five of the last six against outside opponents, but the overall intersectional record is not in keeping with recent tradition. Against major nonconference opponents the Pacific Eight has 14 wins and 15 losses. It is one for four against the Big Eight, and it is two for 11 against the Top 20.

The conference's biggest disappointment has been its perennial favorite, USC. In the preseason polls John McKay's Trojans were rated as one of the nation's best. They promptly lost four of their first six games and sank from sight. The Notre Dame upset did turn their season around, and they have now won three in succession, but it is too little, too late. The Trojans are now playing the unfamiliar role of spoiler, as witness Saturday's 30–20 victory over Washington State which dropped the surprising Cougars out of Rose Bowl contention.

Stanford will go to the Rose Bowl once more, but the 1971 team is hardly as flashy as last year's. Consistency and a capacity for muddling through seem to be its biggest assets, although, as in the Duke game, it can be woefully bad on occasion. The Indians lost 9–3 and, as Coach John Ralston has put it, "We could still be playing and I don't think we'd be across the goal line yet." Stanford does have another good quarterback in Don Bunce, but he is no Plunkett, and the Indians will be hard pressed to win again in Pasadena.

Washington, with an improved running game and a less effective Sonny Sixkiller, has not lost a nonconference game, but it quickly scratched itself from the Rose Bowl race by losing to Stanford and Oregon. The Northwest teams are actually more exciting than the Califor-

In a scene that brutally represents the kind of season his team is having, Gary Campbell of UCLA suffers beneath a swarm of Stanford Indians.

nia teams in this peculiar season. With Sixkiller throwing and Washington State's Bernard Jackson and Oregon's Bobby Moore running, the Northwest easily has the outstanding players.

California has had an interesting season, but certainly not a happy one. It is, in fact, a nonseason. Because the university has elected to play a halfback, Isaac Curtis, and a tight end, Larry Brumsey, who are considered to be ineligible by the NCAA, none of Cal's conference games count in the standings. Even if the Bears were good enough, they could not play in the Rose Bowl. San Francisco papers have taken to calling the Pacific Eight the Pacific Seven, subtracting Cal. An alleged clerical error brought the school to grief in the Curtis-Brumsey matter. Neither boy was informed he was required to take the so-called 1.6 examination in order to compete for the university. Curtis had completed a freshman football season and a varsity track season by the time the NCAA uncovered the oversight. Cal's 1970 NCAA track championship was taken away from it, and Curtis was declared ineligible. But the university decided to punish itself, instead of Curtis, for the error and is now appealing the case. Two lawsuits have also been filed from the outside on Curtis' behalf.

But even Berkeley's considerable problems pale in comparison with those of its sister institution, UCLA. The Bruins have lost seven games this year under new Coach Rodgers, partly because they have no outstanding quarterback, partly because the team has been riddled with injuries, but mostly because of a man who is not even in uniform, James McAlister. And that is a sad story all its own.

On the evening of June 2, 1970 McAlister and two of his football teammates at Blair High School in Pasadena, Kermit Johnson and Eugene Jones, reported for a special exam at Santa Monica College that would determine their eligibility for college athletics. That, in a way, it did. It also led to some grave consequences and a continuing mystery.

Johnson and Jones were then rated by college football scouts as outstanding prospects. McAlister (SI, May 17, 1971) was simply the sort of athlete who appears once in a generation. He had averaged nearly 10 yards each time he carried the football in his senior year at Blair, and he was already a world-class long jumper, potentially both an All-America football player and an Olympic track champion.

All three boys were to enter UCLA under the Educational Opportunity Program, which provides that normal admission requirements may be waived for a small percentage of students—usually of minority races—who, though unqualified by their high school records, are considered to have the potential to do college work. It has been unfairly claimed that the program is used as a device for slipping black athletes, such as these three, past the admission barriers. Actually, of the 1,900 EOP students at UCLA, only 15 are athletes.

McAlister, Johnson and Jones could enter school through EOP, but, in order to participate in sports and be eli-

continued

gible for athletic grants-in-aid, they were required to take one of two qualifying examinations. The results, when tabulated with either their high school grades or class standing (whichever is higher), would "predict" their capability of maintaining a 1.6—or C-minus—grade average in college. Those who fail to "predict" must remain ineligible for at least a year or until they can establish they are capable of 1.6 work. The intent of this National Collegiate Athletic Association regulation is to eliminate the double academic standard traditionally enjoyed by U.S. college athletes.

In May of 1970 McAlister had taken the Scholastic Aptitude Test. Now, on this June night, he was to take the American College Testing Program—or ACT—examination. Actually, he and his friends had attempted to take this test on April 25, a regularly scheduled National Test Date. They were turned away because they had forgotten to bring their test-center admission blanks. When Dr. Robert Bell, then an assistant to UCLA Athletic Director J. D. Morgan, learned of this, he immediately telephoned ACT headquarters in Iowa City, Iowa to arrange for another test. There he reached Mrs. Billie Norris, an ACT administrator. Bell, who is now an assistant Athletic Director at the University of Wisconsin, said he identified himself to Mrs. Norris as a representative of the UCLA athletic department; Mrs. Norris recalls only that he "mentioned something about scholarships."

Bell had hoped to have the tests considered a part of the April 25 examination, so he asked for an early date. NCAA rules require that athletes be tested only on National Test Dates, but the next of these was not until July, and the athletic department was anxious to establish McAlister's eligibility as soon as possible.

Mrs. Norris said a makeup test could be taken if it were convenient with Dr. Arthur Verge, a Santa Monica College counselor and history instructor who is the ACT supervisor in that area. Verge, ironically, was the same administrator who had rejected the three boys on the original testing date. He was unaware then, he says, that he was banishing a celebrity of McAlister's distinction but had been subjected to "a lot of kidding" from his faculty colleagues since. Verge readily agreed to a second test. Such makeup examinations are not uncommon, and by now he was aware he was dealing with no ordinary incoming freshman. He was unaware, however, of the NCAA rule about National Test Dates.

The actual testing did not take place for another five weeks because Verge could not locate the examination papers mailed from Iowa City. He finally found them in the campus bookstore receiving room some two weeks after they were sent. His own mailbox, it appeared, had been too small for them. "I found them," Verge finally wrote ACT headquarters. "I goofed." Bell, even more anxious by now, decided to reassure himself that all was in order on the night of the testing. He said he drove to Santa Monica, satisfied himself that McAlister and the others were there, thanked Verge for troubling himself and drove off before the testing began.

Verge does not remember seeing Bell that night, but his memory of the evening is not all that precise. He does recall that the test was given in the college president's conference room. The three boys sat two chairs apart, and one—McAlister, he thinks—seemed to be concentrating harder than the others. Verge used an electric timer to clock the various sections of the test—English, 40 minutes; math usage, 50; social studies reading, 35; natural science reading, 35; and personal questions not part

James McAlister took his exam on the wrong date; Walter Byers and his NCAA Council also indicated tampering—and thumbed James out.

of the scoring, 20 minutes. He placed the completed tests in prepackaged envelopes and mailed them that very evening. He did not, he says, look at the test papers before, during or after the examination. He says he was the only person in the room with the boys during the three-hour session and that he himself never left it.

The test results, when tabulated in Iowa City, showed that McAlister had scored high enough to "predict"; Jones and Johnson had not. In accordance with NCAA rules, they did not participate in freshman sports. McAlister was the star of the 1970 UCLA freshman football team, and he set a university record for the long jump of 26 feet 6½ inches. This spring, he competed on the varsity track team and in spring football gained 170 yards in the final intrasquad game. With help from EOP tutorial and counseling services, he also maintained a C+ academic average.

In June, however, McAlister was preparing to board the bus that would take the UCLA track team to the airport for the flight to the national championships in Seattle when he was stopped by his coach, Jim Bush. He was taken to Athletic Director Morgan's office and told that he was ineligible to compete in the meet. McAlister stood stunned for a moment, then he rushed from the room and slammed his fist into a wall.

What had gone wrong?

The NCAA had begun its investigation of McAlister's eligibility last March after receiving a tip. From whom? The NCAA refuses to say. But the NCAA did rule that in taking the test on June 2 McAlister had violated the National Test Date regulation established the previous January. In the first four years of the 1.6 rule, the NCAA Council had discovered that athletes had been taking the tests under conditions entirely too congenial to them, sometimes even with coaches present. The January rule required them to be tested with ordinary student candidates under properly administered conditions. The new rule was to be hard and fast with no exceptions. UCLA was in clear violation.

In order to appeal the Council's conclusion, the school had to declare McAlister ineligible immediately. The appeal was to be based on the athletic department's contention that it had adhered to the intent, if not the letter, of the regulation. McAlister and the other students had been deprived of taking the regulation test because of a technicality. The makeup examination was given by an authorized supervisor—the same one in fact who gave the regulation test. The appeal was rejected in August. McAlister was ordered to sit out a full year of varsity competition, his eligibility to be restored in time for the 1972 football season.

But there was a darker side to the matter. The investigation continued, and on Oct. 27 the NCAA Council further declared that UCLA should receive a year's probation—although without further penalty. The new evidence was startling, for it now appeared the university had not merely committed a technical error. The Council charged that one of its athletic recruiters had arranged for someone to cosign a note for $1,767.12 which enabled McAlister to purchase a car. This was considered an improper inducement, although UCLA protested the transaction was made after McAlister had signed his letter of intent to enroll there. But most damaging of all was the Council's conclusion that the June 2 test papers had been mysteriously altered.

There were 63 erasures on McAlister's test, the NCAA said, 65 on Jones' and 38 on Johnson's. Of McAlister's 63 erasures, 49 resulted in correct answers to the mostly multiple-choice questions. In the social studies section alone, there were 26 erasures, 25 of them to correct answers. The NCAA points out that when an erasure is made, chances are only one in four that the change will become correct. After consulting with the ACT service, NCAA investigators concluded that it would be impossible, "even for a superior student," to make that many erasures in the time allotted for the examination.

"We have rather incontestable evidence that these tests were tampered with," said Tom Hansen, assistant to Executive Director Walter Byers. "Either the tests were improperly administered or the alterations were made by someone other than the young men. Either they were improperly handled in Iowa City or tampered with before they got there."

Dr. Oluf Davidsen, in charge of ACT's Program Operations, says that for his part, the chances of the tests being changed in Iowa City were "one in a billion," because they are machine scored.

That, it would seem, leaves Dr. Verge. While the NCAA says it is making no specific charges against anyone, Verge appears to be the only person who could have tampered (or permitted tampering) with the exams. ("That conclusion is unwarranted and not to the point in question," argues the NCAA. "We have confidence in the ACT National Test Date administration. . . .") Astonishingly, the NCAA has charged UCLA with the burden of investigating what is, by implication at least, its own crime.

As for Verge, he feels that he has been damaged by innuendo.

"The NCAA has gotten a lot of hell over this thing," he says. "I think they're just trying to get themselves off the hook. They're looking for a fall guy. Look, if anyone was going to cheat on these exams, it would be easier to do it on a National Test Date when there are 300 people in the room. I was the only one there that night, and I didn't see any cheating." Says Dr. Davidsen, "There is no reason to doubt that Dr. Verge did anything other than follow our normal procedure."

Verge says further he does not consider the number of erasures all that unusual, particularly for black students who were nervous and unsure of themselves. "The test," he said, "is white."

Bell, for his part, objects to his being described in news stories after the Council's decision as "an unnamed assistant to the athletic director, no longer with the university."

"I left the university for what I thought was a better job," he said. "Not, as that sounds, as the result of the investigation. I merely arranged for the boys to be tested. I have no knowledge of anything else. You don't think I'd be foolish enough to jeopardize my career over something like this."

The fact remains that without the erasures, McAlister would not have had a qualifying score under the 1.6 rule. According to Assistant NCAA Executive Director Warren Brown, McAlister did not score high enough in his May SAT exam, and the ACT exam without erasures would have placed him at a comparable level.

No matter what the outcome, UCLA now finds itself enmeshed in a scandal reminiscent of a more cynical age in college football. And, saddest of all, its finest athlete sits disconsolately on the sidelines. **END**

NEW SLANT ON THE MOD SOD

On AstroTurf, the wetter the slipperier. On Poly-Turf, the drier the slipperier. On Tertan Turf, don't throw cigarette butts. But the burning question is injuries by JOHN UNDERWOOD

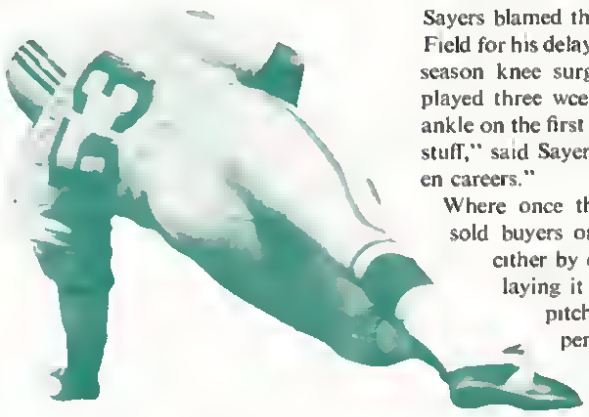
To bring you up to date, you will recall that in previous installments man had been playing football on grass, but he tore the grass up, and when it rained there was mud, and the numbers on his jersey were covered with it, and so was the ball, and the bands played on. They also marched on the mud, making it muddier. And so man invented AstroTurf, Tartan Turf and Poly-Turf. And when it rained there was no mud. A giant squeegee, pulled by a tractor, parted the water from the AstroTurf in Lincoln, Neb., and the field was dry. In Miami they pulled the drainage plugs under the Poly-Turf and—whoosh!—the field was dry. The numbers could be seen. So could the civic officials and stadium owners rushing to their friendly neighborhood synthetic turf dealer.

Ersatz grass was installed across the width and breadth of this great country of ours until 11 of the 26 fields where pro football teams play were carpeted. Colleges eagerly sought the mod sod and before long 72 playing fields were as phony as brick wallpaper. In Pittsburgh they found they could cram in four softball games, four soccer games or three touch football games at the same time, and the groundkeeper said he loved not having to spread manure. The field was in use 12 hours a day and it was be-you-ti-ful.

But. On a clear day in Candlestick Park, 49er fans have difficulty sorting out man, ball and AstroTurf because of the glare and halation from the blades of nylon grass. In Tennessee the carpet (Tartan Turf) turned black. Minnesota Mining, the manufacturer, sent around a man with some "solution" but eventually had to replace the surface. In Miami the Orange Bowl field (Poly-Turf) turned blue.

The blades of Poly-Turf (from polypropylene, as opposed to the nylon base of Tartan Turf and AstroTurf) adopted an angle of repose roughly 15° from flat-out, and no amount of coaxing, combing and vacuuming was able to get its full attention. The seams began to split. There appeared to be ripples. When the sun beat down the surface became glassy, and running with the grain was slippery business on a hot, dry Sunday afternoon. Don Shula, the Dolphin coach, looked at films of his team's games with the Jets and Patriots and added up 114 pratfalls. American Biltrite's representative studied the situation and blamed the whole thing on air pollution. The city of Miami took a closer look at its five-year guarantee.

The players started screaming. Softly at first. "It doesn't *feel* right," said a Detroit Lion. "Grass smells better," said a Philadelphia Eagle. Coaches could be heard moaning. Shug Jordan of Auburn said it was like playing on a Brillo pad at Georgia Tech.



Players and coaches together complained—louder now—of the heat. Temperatures were 30° higher on synthetic surfaces. A New York Jet said he was "well done, cooked from the bottom up" after the game in Miami where the Poly-Turf registered over 120° at 2 p.m. In San Francisco Kermit Alexander of the Rams wrapped his feet in tinfoil "to play in the oven."

Defensive Tackle Dave Long of the New Orleans Saints led a concert of complaints about the surface in the Astrodome. Monsanto's 'original' installation and showcase. He said it was as hard as linoleum and players tripped over the lumps. Some of the lumps were the zippers Judge Roy Hofheinz ordered to make the field portable. Long said the Astrodome AstroTurf was the worst he'd seen. There were other candidates. Gale Sayers blamed the AstroTurf at Soldier Field for his delayed comeback from off-season knee surgery. When he finally played three weeks ago, he twisted his ankle on the first series of downs. "This stuff," said Sayers bitterly, "will shorten careers."

Where once the manufacturers had sold buyers on the "safety factor," either by outright advertising or laying it on heavy in the sales pitch, they shut up. Independent studies indicated that injuries went up, not down, on

artificial turf. Dr. Joseph S. Torg, a Philadelphia orthopedic surgeon and team physician for Temple, "strongly recommended" a moratorium on the installation of *artificial turf*. Dr. William Smith, Pitt's former team physician and orthopedic surgeon, spoke of a "50-to-60%" increase in injuries and blamed improper shoes. Dr. James Garrick of the University of Washington got national attention with his dire findings.

Everybody had a story to tell but Tommy Prothro, the Ram coach, had a helmet to show. It was one worn by Roman Gabriel in a game at Candlestick Park. The helmet had a smudge near the crown. The smudge was made up of abrasion scars, as if the helmet had been dragged on concrete. Game films indicated that Gabriel's head had whiplashed onto the AstroTurf and spoiled his good vibrations. Gabriel, who had a concussion, had to leave the game. "AstroTurf is like putting a throw rug over a driveway," said Prothro. In a college game at Wisconsin, played atop Tartan Turf, an

LSU player took an especially hard fall. On the bus ride to the airport he was asked what he thought about the new playing surface. "I'm sorry," he replied blankly. "I don't remember a thing."

By now there was a cacophony of complaints. Dick Gordon of the Bears said you couldn't run normally on artificial turf because "you couldn't stop quick enough." A Los Angeles Ram compared it with "running dainty-footed downhill on a wet pavement." Others complained of *too much* traction. Archie Manning recalled that he had broken his left arm last year at Mississippi when he reached out to brake himself and his hand stuck to the AstroTurf.

The Detroit Lions said they hated artificial grass. "Every time we play on it we seem to get somebody hurt," said Coach Joe Schmidt. Fullback Steve Owens was lost for much of last year when he separated a shoulder in Cincinnati. "The only time I was ever hurt in college was at the Astrodome," said Owens. He said the big reason he had been drafted was his durability. "I can't block, I can't catch a pass and I'm slow," he said, reciting his scouting report, "and now I'm not even durable."

Meanwhile, the National Football League Players Association withdrew its endorsement of Poly-Turf, which, in addition to the Orange Bowl, covers the fields in New Orleans and at the new stadium in Foxboro, Mass. The NFLPA had said it was better. They had also liked it because the NFLPA collected 5¢ for every square foot installed.

Trips to the medicine cabinet and operating table were not the only manifestations of an expanding concern, however. Bruce Gossett, the San Francisco placekicker, was seen monkeying around with his kicking cleats, shaving and filing, because he said the ball wasn't sitting high enough (not enough support) on the artificial grass and he had to "get lower" to make proper impact. Bear Bryant, although a booster of his own AstroTurf, couldn't find a place to throw his cigarette butts when he went to Knoxville (Tartan Turf actually *looks* like a carpet, having crimped round fibers instead of long, flat blades, and Bryant was raised not to throw cigarette butts on a carpet). Bubble gum has to be painstakingly scraped off the fields. Mustard stains, a side effect of hot-dog wrappers fluttering down from the stands, prove almost impossible to remove. Bob Devaney of Nebraska refused to allow his school's star baton twirler to perform without a special drop cloth (her act includes three flaming batons).

An artificial grass backlash developed. Bob Short, the owner of the Senators, said he would not have artificial turf in his team's new home in Dallas. "If you can't grow grass in Texas, of all places. . . ." he said. In Kansas City a crusade led by a draftsman named E. L. Ruble Jr. got under way to prevent the Tartaning of the new Truman Sports Complex. Ruble called it a "grass roots" campaign and if his efforts appeared quixotic his voice was soulful as he spoke of the sterility of artificial surfaces and the beauty of a memory he had of Chief Defensive End Jerry Mays walking off the field covered with mud. The Rudy-

Patrick Company, which sells grass seed out of Kansas City, pitched in financially for Ruble's campaign, which included passing out bumper stickers at Chiefs games reading LET GEORGE DO IT.

George is Municipal Stadium groundkeeper George Toma, who is so highly regarded that other stadiums call him for consultations. His real grass is so gorgeous people think it's phony. In his heart, he said, he was for natural grass, but after traveling around the country he had concluded that the substitute for the high-priced spread was inevitable. (The Stanford Research Institute estimates that $1.2 billion will be spent on synthetic surfaces over the next 10 years.) "I've decided," said Toma, "that nobody cares."

Toma was wrong, somebody up there on Capitol Hill does care, and last week in Room 2123 of the Rayburn House Office Building a House subcommittee investigating product safety watched color slides of grotesquely blistered palms

continued

and burned elbows; linear abrasions; second-degree burns of arms, legs and hips; and purple toenails resulting from "feet trying to slide through the shoe" on high-traction synthetic turf. The slides were made at the University of Washington in Seattle, said the director of the show, Dr. Garrick himself.

Puffing on a corncob pipe, Dr. Garrick said the study he had conducted on a municipal field in Seattle indicated that half again as many time-loss injuries occurred on the AstroTurf there as on grass. Dr. Garrick did not pretend that his study was definitive, but he asked that it lead to a more detailed survey.

The subcommittee, headed by Congressman John F. Moss of California, was studying product-safety regulations as a whole. It seized on the synthetic turf issue because of its instant-attention potential. "It's football players. It's sex appeal," said one Congressman. Sure enough, the glare in Room 2123 was not from samples of artificial turf, but from TV lights.

Ed Garvey, NFLPA executive director, brought in three players (John Wilbur, Roy Jefferson and Gus Hollomon) to speak against synthetic fields. Last Tuesday morning their testimony appeared in *The Washington Post*, ironically enough along side two other items. One was an account of the Monday night Green Bay-Detroit game, played in rain and on mud and, presumably, somewhere down there, a few blades of grass. The last futile pass of that game—a 14–14 tie—left the slime-slick hand of Detroit's Greg Landry and fluttered as though it had been hit by a double load into the arms of a Packer identified by Frank Gifford as Ray Nitschke. He could have said it was Ray Milland and no one would have been the wiser.

In an adjacent column was a story about George Allen, the Redskin coach, who was raging about the condition of Washington's RFK Field. How slippery, how heavy, how rundown. How it could cost the Redskins the Eastern Division championship. RFK Field is real grass.

Garvey said he had appealed to the owners to cooperate in a study of injuries on artificial surfaces. The first 10 replies from NFL clubs stated, in suspiciously similar language, "Thank you for your concern. We are forwarding your request to the NFL Player Relations Association." The NFLPRA, not to be confused with the NFLPA, is a committee of owners headed by the Giants' Wellington Mara, which was set up to be the collective bargaining agent for the owners. What, Garvey wondered, did collective bargaining have to do with injuries? Mara voiced concern, more over Garvey's intrusiveness than over injuries, and said he would like to meet with various player reps to discuss the whole matter. The NFLPA thereupon asked for a halt to the installation of synthetic fields until the safety question has been settled and threatened to get a court injunction, citing a collective bargaining clause in its contract concerning a change in working conditions, if any club dared put in a phony field.

A man from Monsanto said he had it all figured out. What was happening was that the turf people had been caught in the middle of a labor-management fight. He had a point. The owners know that they will have to negotiate increased pension benefits when the present contract expires, so they don't want to aid the players' cause by joining in the outcry over injuries.

What really worried the man from Monsanto, however, was the prospect that manufacturers will be swamped with lawsuits. "Mothers," he said gloomily, "out to collect on injured sons."

The rebuttal on the final day of the hearing by the three turf manufacturers was an anticlimax, except that one of the principals had a beautiful head of synthetic hair that captured the flavor if not the spirit of the occasion. Monsanto showed, in 45 handsomely bound pages, that injuries were down on AstroTurf, although the company did not advertise the fact anymore because it realized that that kind of statistical data is "considered self-serving." As for the field in Seattle where Dr. Garrick made his study, Monsanto characterized it as an "older generation" model (the latest is No. 4) that could stand a new pad. (Washington does not want to pay for a new pad; it has a year to run on a five-year guarantee.)

The man from Minnesota Mining offered 13 pages on Tartan Turf. He freely admitted that he could not really answer the question "Are there more injuries on artificial turf?" But what, he asked in turn, is meant by "natural grass"? Is it "Kentucky blue grass . . . which stands straight up and a player's cleats slide on it," or is it "Bermuda, low and interlaced, and cleats can lock within its tufting?"

The president of American Biltrite, Morton Broffman, kept his prepared statement on Poly-Turf to himself. There were no copies. He had it written in ink, in a small hand, and during most of his testimony only Congressman Moss and an aide were on hand.

The most curious testimony was that of Dr. Donald Cooper of Oklahoma State. On the one hand, Dr. Cooper seemed the most knowledgeable of all on the synthetic turf phenomenon. He spoke, for example, on the "cultural shock" of players running on a strange surface (comparable to a man trying on ice skates for the first time), and on the slide variance of "natural" fields and the "psychological implications" of injuries. Do you injure more readily when you lose? Yes, probably.

But through it all, Dr. Cooper kept trying to cop everybody out, saying that a committee investigating the causes of football injuries in relation to the field of play was venturing into "dangerous country" and risked opening a "Pandora's box." He said turf was one of the "lesser" contributors to injury. He indicated that the committee ought to pack up and go home and, in fact, said so. Naturally, the committee interrupted Dr. Cooper whenever it could.

Nonetheless, as best as can be determined, there are now three major investigations under way: Dr. Garrick's (for the NFLPA); one that Don Weiss, the NFL's director of public relations, says the league is conducting that *seems* to be on injuries as a whole, since it is "all-encompassing" and, at any rate, will take "some time before [it] can be definitive"; and a 44-college survey by the NCAA made over the 1969-70 seasons, with results to be released in January. If it is solutions they want, there are already a number flying around. Beige-colored fields to cut down on heat and discoloration. Newly designed shoes. (Hockey players do not skate in basketball shoes.) Pre-flooded fields. Helmets padded on the outside. Vitamin F.

Nevertheless, certain contradictions would appear to be endemic, or perhaps generic, as Dr. Cooper darkly suggested. On AstroTurf, for example, the wetter the slipperier; on Poly-Turf, the hotter-drier the slipperier, and the wetter the better. And if more injuries occur on artificial turf because players "run

continued

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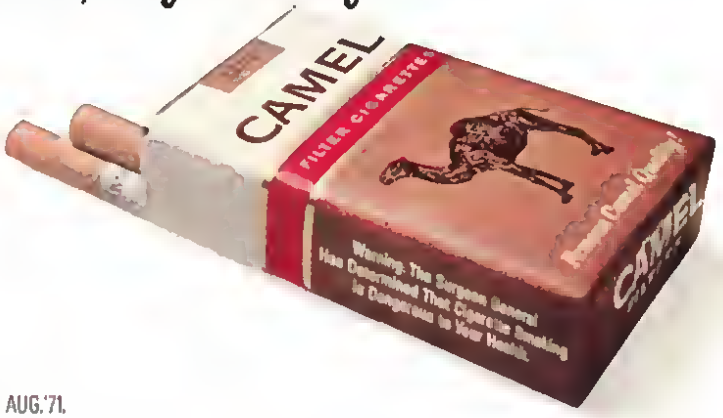

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Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

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Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liquore Galliano over ice and squeeze ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

HARVEY WALLBANGER
Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill ¾ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float ½ oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI
¾ oz. Liquore Galliano
¾ oz. Light Rum
Juice of ½ Lime
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Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

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faster on it, and therefore hit harder," does that mean coaches who have been looking for faster, harder-hitting players all these years will now begin to recruit slower, softer hitters? As for the traction, says a Monsanto rep, you ask a coach how much and he says, "As much as I can get," you ask a team doctor how much and he says, "As little as I can get away with."

For every set of statistics that show injuries up, there is another that shows them down. On the same Astrodome field on which the University of Houston has had only one operative knee or ankle injury in 5½ years, the Houston Oilers had a number in 1970 alone. For every football player who says he does not like artificial turf, there is a Virgil Carter who does. Carter, the Cincinnati quarterback, says the ball does not take as much of a beating on it. And for every athlete who does not want to play on something horses can't eat (Richie Allen, most notably), there is an athletic director (Jim Barratt of Oregon State) who thinks grass should not be used for anything except horse feed.

Most coaches who complain about it, says Texas' Darrell Royal, are the ones who don't have it. Texas has it. Texas loves it. Texas doesn't play a game *off* it until late 1972. Paul Brown of Cincinnati says it was time to consider the fact that municipally owned stadiums are also built with economics in mind (greater land use, easier maintenance) and "the surface is their business, not ours." Hank Stram of Kansas City likes it. "Players would get hurt even if we played on marshmallows," he says.

One thing that can be said for sure about Poly-Turf is that it's marshmallowy. A Miami TV station believed the claim that you could drop an egg 10 feet to the surface of the Orange Bowl without breaking it. A camera crew and a ladder were rounded up and pictures taken of eggs being dropped. Only when a crane took the demonstrator up 25 feet did an egg splatter.

The Miami-Poly-Turf situation is a 14-month marriage that is presently on the rocks. Miami has stopped payments (after No. 12 of 48 in the payment book) until American Biltrite makes good the wedding vows. How the two ever got together in the first place was confounding, Miami being green year round, but the truth was that the Orange Bowl was having trouble keeping its grass. Too much traffic and too little foresight. The story going around is that when a superintendent who was not a Florida native was hired a few years ago, one of the first things he did before learning the vagaries of Miami grass care was to rip it all up and put in a sprinkler system. The new grass did not take root.

A committee of tenants (including the Dolphins) called together by the mayor demanded a shotgun wedding: synthetic turf or else. City Manager Melvin Reese asked for a year to study the various synthetics. One of the fields where the investigating team studied Poly-Turf was in Wichita, Kans., under eight inches

continued

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of snow. The snow was scraped off the field so the team could see how beautifully Poly-Turf holds up. Presumably, if there is ever eight inches of snow in Miami, the Poly-Turf will hold up.

Poly-Turf was the committee's choice because it was springier and because it was cheaper (at $153,000, it was less than half as much as either Tartan Turf or AstroTurf). At a cocktail party following the wedding, a beaming American Biltrite executive told *Miami Herald* sportswriter Luther Evans that from now on "this [the Orange Bowl] is our showcase. We'll put in a new field every year if we have to."

They may have to. The Miami air, chock full of all that ultraviolet and ozone, apparently is too much for Poly-Turf. Miami maintenance crews have faithfully followed the company instruction booklets, said Director of Public Property Andrew Crouch. When unusual problems arose, they called Boston. They scrubbed with the proper solvent, vacuumed in the right direction, rotated every 1,000 miles. When they decorated midfield for January's Super Bowl, they asked Boston for the proper paint, and then the proper paint remover. They applied the remover. It didn't remove. They reapplied it three times. In June the paint was gone.

By September it was evident that the sun was killing the phony grass. It had turned blue. It was on its side. When the carnival of slips began with the Jet-Dolphin game, Reese called for an official investigation. American Biltrite sent a man named Love to direct a refurbishing program that included a scrubbing apparatus composed of 16 eight-inch nylon brushes nailed to a frame and pulled behind a small tractor, like a harrow. The workers called it The Love Machine.

Players from the University of Miami and local high schools, who play at night, did not slip. It was clearly a heat-of-the-day problem. After the slipshod game against the Patriots, the Poly-Turf crews went to work in renewed earnest, sometimes 25 at a time, scrubbing, rubbing, vacuuming, raking, brushing and steam-cleaning. Last week the field seemed to be making a comeback. One thing that was coming back was the Super Bowl decoration at midfield. And now the Super Bowl is in New Orleans.

In last Sunday's game with Buffalo, there wasn't a single slip, a state of affairs attributable to a heavy watering down of the field and improved footgear. Nonetheless, Reese has adopted a wait-and-see attitude. If Don Shula and the rest still say it's an ice rink, he will insist on "some very drastic moves." He declined to say what those moves would be. The manufacturers say they have given "no thought" to replacing the field, but Reese, who drove the hard bargain in the first place, has the paper in hand to make them.

One "drastic move" often suggested is that the synthetic field be plowed under and that grass be planted. That, of course, would be *too* drastic. **END**

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A SAWYER TAKES THE POT ANYTIME

When a stranger, betting on his sawed-off shotgun, heists a poker game, all players become losers

by A. D. LIVINGSTON

One by one the men around the circular green poker table stiffened. Each sat as silently and as rigidly as his straight-backed chair. The one exception was a feisty little aerospace executive named Larry, who was busy counting out a $50 bet. Sensing the hush, and seeing that all his opponents' eyes were on something behind him, he wheeled about and found himself looking down the barrel of a sawed-off shotgun. The holdup man had taken his position behind a breakfast bar that separated the poker nook from the rest of the kitchen. Even at this close range, he had the whole table covered.

"That shotgun doesn't scare me worth a damn," Larry said, point-blank.

The man jerked back a step. The safety catch clicked off.

"Shut up, Larry," said a seasoned gambler across the table, who had already been robbed twice that year. "Don't pay any attention to him," he said, apologetically, to the man with the gun. "He's been drinking too much tonight."

Larry had not had a drop to drink.

The gunman glanced over his left shoulder just in time to see his accomplice pistol-pointing the host's wife and 3-year-old son into the kitchen. A cool pro, this one had somehow rousted the woman and boy without a fuss. After directing them to stand against the refrigerator and telling them to keep quiet, he calmly took charge of the robbery.

First, he sacked the pot and each player's table money. Next, he relieved two brothers-in-law (the Gold Dust Twins, as he called them) of matching diamond-studded watches and horseshoe rings. He revealed how well the game had been cased by not even looking at the other jewelry around the table. Then he poked the pistol into the host's back and made him lie belly flat on the kitchen floor. When he had thus prostrated the rest of the men, he turned his attention to the boy, who in the meanwhile had started howling in spite of his mother's jittery efforts to quiet him. Apparently this heister had a way with kids, for he quickly pacified the boy, not with "goochy-goochy-goo" stuff, but by letting him play with the pistol for a minute.

Covered by his sawyer-wielding partner, he tucked the pistol under his belt and started frisking each man. First he took whatever money they had in their pockets. Then he went through their wallets. In spite of signs of impatience from his jumpy partner, he was thoughtful enough, and leisurely enough, to leave driver's licenses and identification papers.

The last man to be frisked happened to be a poker buddy of mine. On business in Rocket City, U.S.A., as Huntsville, Ala. is called, he had telephoned me that afternoon to find out how a stranger in town might spend an evening. I told him that I was going to a hell of a good poker session, a private game made up mostly of missile and rocket engineers, technical writers and people like that. He jumped at the invitation to come along, although I warned him that these guys played a tough game of poker and that the stakes were not exactly penny ante. He was a good player himself and was holding his own when I quit the game at midnight. But here he was being frisked. When the heister found his travel allowance in a "secret" compartment of his wallet, my friend said, "Look, I'm from out of town and I don't have enough gas in my car to get back home." The heister gave him $5.

Not all robbers are so generous. Indeed, poker players are lucky to come through a stickup with their pants and their shirts. Last December, for example, the players in three separate poker games around Huntsville were stripped of all clothing down to their skivvy shorts. Into a gunnysack went pants, shirts, shoes, credit cards, identification papers, car keys—everything.

So, the guys in my favorite poker game

continued

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were lucky (almost privileged, I told them) to be robbed by such nice fellows. They didn't see it that way, though, and were downright indignant that *I* should call *them* lucky, since I had been rabbit-footed enough to get out of the house, a $500 winner, just five minutes before the heist.

A few months later I missed another robbery, or a dogged attempt at one, when I was invited to a meeting of some pros and relatively high rollers of the area. Table stakes. Cash only. I really wanted to go, but at the last moment I backed out because I had to drive to Kentucky early the next morning. This session was set up in a neighboring town in a warehouse of a construction company. A lumber and materials yard was fenced in out back, leaving only a front entrance to the place—and no quick exit. The door opened into a narrow entranceway, which in turn led into the poker room. Experienced in such matters, the gamblers had reinforced the front door with one-inch plywood and had jammed it shut by placing some two-by-four timbers between the door and the opposite wall.

At about 11 p.m., when all the gamblers had arrived and the place had been secured for a long poker session, there was a sudden bang. Somebody was trying to knock down the door. Another bang. Another. A short silence. Then the bangs came in rhythmic series. With each jolt, the bottom right side of the door would spring in, then back again as the resilient plywood did its job. According to the poker players, the banging continued for a long, long time. Finally it stopped. Silence. When the poker players eventually opened the door and came out, they found an abandoned 200-pound battering ram made of concrete.

I'm glad that I dodged that experience, because I would surely have aged several years during the pounding, but I am even gladder that I missed a robbery reported in a Huntsville newspaper. Some men were playing poker in an unoccupied farmhouse up in Tennessee. The heisters came and before they left they had killed one player and critically wounded another. The paper did not give details on exactly what happened, but probably the poker players flushed or else someone like Larry pushed his bluff too far.

Even before I read of this killing, I

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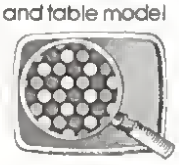

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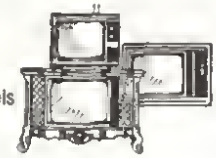

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had begun to realize that poker heists were something to be reckoned with, and that the poker player's real concern is with the robbers, not the cops. While doing some fancy calculations of various carding odds, I joked with my poker friends about figuring in a heist factor for Huntsville and the surrounding area. The truth is that one's chances of getting robbed in a poker game are about the same all over the country. I have not attempted to compile a set of statistics, but I do know that poker games are being heisted from coast to coast, and some of these robberies are in unlikely places like Antonito, Colo. (pop. 1,113).

Few of these stickups are reported to the police, and seldom are they written up in newspapers. The players themselves keep it quiet. A former assistant superintendent of the Pittsburgh police explained, "If it's a professional poker game with the operators taking a cut it's illegal, and there is no way to prosecute the robbers. Under the law, you are required to prosecute the operators of the illegal gambling—in this case, the victims. So, they usually don't report it."

Even if the robbery is reported to the police, there is a good chance that the public will never hear of it. This was the case in one of the three "skivvy" robberies in Huntsville last December. The game was held in a conference room at a motel, and one indignant victim walked directly into the lobby in his shorts to call the cops. I know that a newspaper reporter covered the event, which would have made good copy because the robbers got about $30,000. But the story was not printed, possibly because most of the men were influential in the town.

In some cases a robbery is reported, all right, but the victims and the papers fail to mention anything about poker. Consider a robbery that occurred at the Hillcrest Country Club in Indianapolis last May. A newspaper stated that armed men crashed a "guest night" party and made off with $10,000. No mention of poker. The next day another paper reported that the men had been playing poker. Apparently the victims tried to hush it up.

Other times the newspapers get the story but the police do not. In December 1969 there was a robbery at the Good Guys Club in Covington, Ky., a gambling town just across the river from Cin-

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cinnati. Gunmen took from $40,000 to $60,000 in cash and jewelry from a group of poker players in the back room. "We certainly know it happened," said Covington Police Chief Ralph A. Bosse, "and we have a pretty good idea about who the participants in the game were, but all are reluctant to make an official complaint." The robbery came to public attention with an article in a local newspaper.

There is enough evidence to convince me that virtually all poker heists are conducted by professionals. These guys know their business—and their victims. They are smug bandits, simply because they know that their jobs are not likely to be subjected to police investigation. The leisurely pace of the robbery at my favorite Huntsville game shows just how cocksure the heisters can be. They wore neither masks to cover their faces nor gloves to prevent fingerprints.

Yet, some heisters do wear masks. (The ones who hit the Hillcrest Country Club were decked out in denim coveralls, work gloves, Halloween masks and even wigs.) Moreover, their methods vary widely. But most jobs do have one thing in common. Professional heisters almost invariably carry at least one sawed-off shotgun and will seldom attempt to cover a poker table in close quarters without one.

An unusual exception to the sawyer rule occurred last May in San Francisco. A loner sat in on a poker game and played along for several hours. Suddenly the guy arose, pulled a pistol, fired three wayward shots, grabbed the money and took off. But this robbery may have been unpremeditated, a case similar to the old story about a Smith & Wesson beating four aces.

There are other approaches. In Pittsburgh four men forced their way into a hotel room where a game was in progress. They came posed as detectives, flashed badges and announced that everyone was under arrest. The money and cards were gathered up as "evidence." Telling the poker players to stay put until they returned, the robbers walked out with $12,000.

A less ingenious but very effective method was used in a heist near Beeville, Texas. Sixteen men were playing poker in a ranch house. At 4 a.m. three robbers lobbed a tear-gas bomb and two gas shells into the den. The robbers came in wearing gas masks. They marched

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All-weather Michelin steel-belted radial ply tires as standarc equipment. The sure-footed ride these tires give is world-famous.

One of the widest tracks in the world. And all the stability that goes with it.

Comfort and spaciousness. Rear seat passengers should enjoy the same seating and legroom comfort the driver does.

Automatic Temperature Control as standard equipment. The inside temperature should always be within the comfort range you've set it for, regardless of outside weather.

America's first computer-controlled anti-skid braking system should be available to you if you want it.

Vinyl roof, wheelcovers, and color shown are optional

Lincoln Continental.

this year, you should get more than status.

You should get a car built with components that have been proved in pre-production testing that took them through sub-freezing salt water baths, across the baking sands of Death Valley, and into the rarified air of Pike's Peak.

A car so carefully built, window glass is seated by a meticulous new method that substantially reduces tiring wind noise. Where you enjoy music and conversation in restful quiet.

You should get, in fact, one of the finest cars that American engineering skill and care can produce.

This year, when you spend your eight thousand dollars, make sure you get such a car.

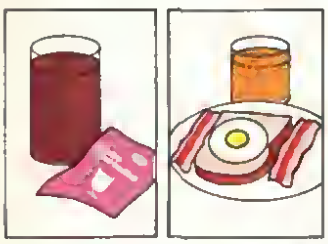
The 1972 Continentals. The finest cars built in America.

Continental. The final step up.

Carnation instant breakfast. Carnation Company. Los Angeles, Calif.

Breakfast Insurance

You can be sure your body gets protein, vitamins, minerals and food energy at breakfast time with Carnation instant breakfast.



Carnation instant breakfast mixed with milk has as much protein, vitamins, minerals and food energy as a poached egg on toast, two strips of bacon and a glass of orange juice

If there's one thing a body needs at breakfast time, it's real nourishment. And when you're too rushed for your regular breakfast, Carnation instant breakfast is real breakfast insurance. It delivers essential protein, vitamins, minerals and food energy . . . in an instant.

How does Carnation instant breakfast make a quick glass of milk a nourishing meal? Milk contributes substantial nutrition. (Read our package label). Then to make milk a meal, Carnation instant breakfast contributes the rest of the protein, vitamins, minerals and food energy. It all adds up to as much nourishment as there is in a poached egg on toast, two strips of bacon and a glass of orange juice.

If there's one thing a body needs at breakfast time it's real nourishment. So have real breakfast insurance for your hurry up days. Have Carnation instant breakfast on hand.

the sniffling gamblers outside, stood them against a wall and frisked them for cash and valuables. The gamblers claimed $26,000 as their loss, but rumors put the figure as high as $70,000. The owner of the ranch said that it looked to him like an inside job.

Inside job or not, he put his finger on what I personally consider to be the most interesting question about poker-game heists. Who sets them up?

In many professional games, players come and go so frequently that almost anybody could case the joint. Many patrons of these games are already on the shady side, and it would not surprise me if some of them make a living, or at least regularly supplement their income, as professional finger men. Also, a good many robberies of house games are instigated by competing gamblers. There was, in fact, some speculation about the booming Good Guys Club in Covington being hit, or set up, by other gamblers in the area who needed some of the business.

I do think that housemen in professional games are not logical suspects as far as robbing their own game is concerned. A robbery hurts business and may even cause the game to break up entirely.

It is usually easier to detect the finger man in private and social games, but each particular case is a separate whodunit. The game in Huntsville to which I took my unfortunate friend was in all probability set up by a highly undesirable character who wormed his way into the group. We heard recently that the guy is now in prison for killing a man during an armed robbery and that he has a brother in jail for holding up a poker game. Whether or not these reports are true, I am certain he fingered our game. For one thing, he never showed up again. Also he had lost a good deal of money in the game (more, in fact, than he could possibly have regained in a three-way split of one night's loot). He had contacts with underworld characters and I think harbored a good deal of resentment toward our relatively sophisticated group. He did not belong.

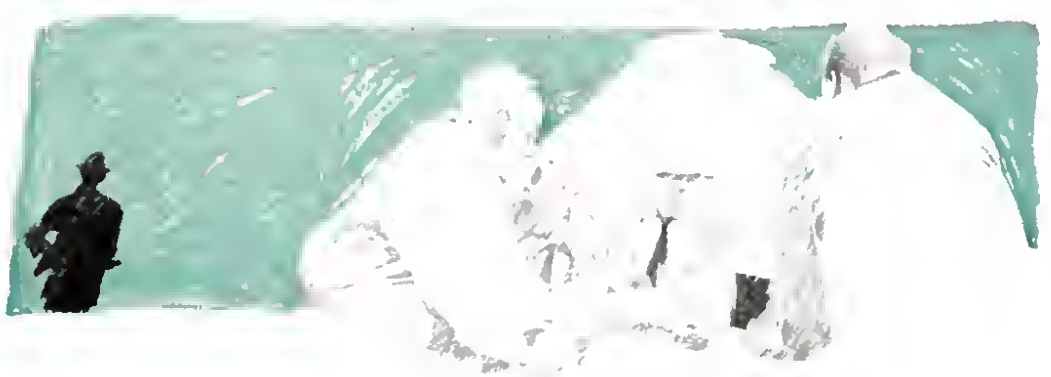
Incidentally, the men in the Huntsville game had sense enough to call the cops as soon as the heisters left. The fuzz wanted to haul *me* in as a finger-man suspect, since I had quit the session only five minutes before the event, but the players who knew me as possibly only one poker player knows another said that I had not done the thing. If I had I would have stayed put instead of leaving so conspicuously.

There are a few precautions that will improve one's chances of finishing a poker game with his pants still on. Avoid those professional and house games that do not provide adequate protection for the customers. Why pay to play in a joint where such protection is not provided? Of course, protection runs up the house's overhead considerably and may result in too large a cut being taken from the pots. Sometimes it becomes a question of being robbed quickly or slowly.

The protection is usually effective in keeping heisters away. There was a rash of poker-game stickups in the Atlanta area a few years ago. But today robberies are comparatively rare for a city of Atlanta's size, not because of a police crackdown, but because, as a local gambler said, "The games are generally guarded by a couple of guys with guns who are stationed at strategic points in and around where the game is being played." He added, "We usually screen the guys at the table. Most of these people are respectable and don't go in for funny stuff like playing where you can get your head blown off by some punk who wants to take the house for all it's worth." I might add that the well-protected casinos in Nevada and the licensed poker palaces in California have very little trouble with heisters inside the joints. Some establishments even provide protection in the parking lots—where it is often needed even more than at the tables.

Providing protection is not usually feasible in a social game, except possibly in the Bet-a-Million Gates class. Actually, most social games are inherently less hazardous than most house games. Still, it is wise to avoid games where players come and go at all hours, to know well everyone you play with and to insist on floating the game from week to week. (By floating I mean moving it from place to place, not holding it on a boat. A literally floating game on a paddle boat in Georgia's Lake Lanier was robbed of $15,000.)

Poker players are not the only gamblers who are easy game for heisters. An acquaintance of mine was held up at a cockfight in Louisiana, and I understand that crapshooters are especially vulnerable. Years ago, I have heard, there was a big craps game held each Sunday in some woods on the outskirts of Birmingham. There were usually several tables going, and a lot of money changed hands. One Sunday a band of robbers stealthily surrounded the whole bunch and moved in. Suddenly they appeared from behind trees and bushes with sawyers and submachine guns ready. The "seven-come-eleven" and "eighter-from-Decatur" talk died off. The dice lay still. Before proceeding to gather in the loot, the heisters warned the gamblers not to remove any money from the tables. One dentist, who seemed to have a propensity for crapping out, had lost all but a few dollars and was afraid the heisters would think he had ratholed part of his stake. "That's all I've got left," he said, "but I'll be glad to write you a check!" **END**

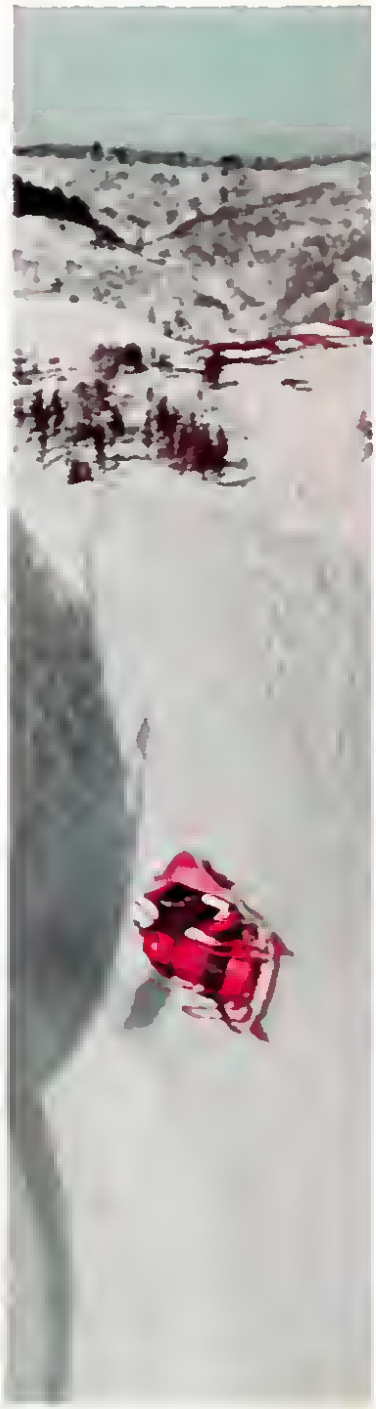


GO EAST, YOUNG OLYMPIAN

WINTER GAMES IN A FARAWAY WORLD

None of this seemed remotely possible back in May 1966 when the International Olympic Committee assembled in Rome to select the site for the 1972 Winter Games. Beautiful Banff, Canada was the betting favorite, and if not Canada, well, why not Salt Lake City? The lesser candidates were Lahti, Finland and, oh, what was the name of that other spot? Ahh, yes, Sapporo, a town somewhere up on the northernmost island of Japan and somewhere across an icy strait from Siberia. But if there is one thing sure in winter sport it is the unpredictability of the IOC. The next thing anyone knew, Sapporo had won big on the very first ballot, and now, five years and a Japanese fortune later, here we go. But Sapporo will have the last laugh. It has set a stage of soaring beauty, from the sculptured jump at right, to the graceful spectator stands and ski runs frozen against luminous mountain backdrops, shown on the pages that follow. Then, for a light but penetrating look at the ebullient East, read William Johnson on Sapporo with soy sauce.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE, NEIL LEIFER, T. TANUMA



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PRE-OLYMPIC SWING THROUGH THE SOY SAUCE AND COCA-COLA SIGNS

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

Winter on Hokkaido is not a frivolous season. Blizzards arrive continuously on the shrieking winds that blow over the Sea of Japan, rising fully finished from the Siberian wastes across the way, where storms are produced on an assembly line and shipped to Hokkaido like a million gross of flying razor blades. Drive at night along the coastal highway when such a shipment is due from Russia and you will hear the Sea of Japan booming in thunderclap detonations. You will see the black water leaping and thrashing about, gnashing at floating cakes of ice as if it were grinding up the bones of dead beasts. The wind screams. The scene is a wild midwinter nightmare. And this is the island of the 1972 Winter Olympics.

The snow on Hokkaido rises many feet high, above the door tops at times. It lies in massive mattresses over the roofs. Soon after it settles, the snow turns gritty and gray in Sapporo and the towns of Hokkaido. Nearly every building on the island burns wood or coal in its stoves and there is an interminable rain of soot falling all around. As dusk approaches on each winter afternoon, the back streets of most towns and the corridors of the *ryokan*, Japanese inns, are filled with a dry, patient staccato sound. Clak-clak, clak-clak. It is a *mimawari*, a volunteer fireman, making his rounds, tapping wooden sticks together as a warning to all citizens that they must remember to bank their fires or turn down their heaters. It is a precaution against fire in the night. Most of the houses are made of lumber dry as tinder, much of it unpainted. Despite the faithful efforts of the *mimawari*, there are dozens of deaths each winter, people killed because they did not heed that gentle alarm. Clak-clak, clak-clak.

To an Olympic traveler, one more accustomed to the sophisticated chrome and fur comforts of, say, France in the 1968 Games, Hokkaido looks like a hard and unforgiving land. Not much more than 100 years ago this northmost island of Japan was wilderness. It was as untouched as Idaho during the reign of King Tut or Alaska in the days of Confucius. The citizens of the milder, more worldly southern islands of Japan shun Hokkaido in the winter as if it were still some sort of Paleozoic tundra. But they are wrong.

They are not wrong because the coming Winter Games will change anything.

Next February's Sapporo remains essentially the same. An Olympic Village has been built on the outskirts of town, last stop on a shiny new subway line. There is a concrete ski jump on a nearby hill, there is a starkly modern, mushroom shaped arena and there are other venues hidden all over the place. There will be more bunting and flags, more foreigners. But the profile of Sapporo and Hokkaido won't change all that much. One must look beneath the Olympics to find Sapporo's charm and maybe learn to love the place. The International Olympic Committee has sent the Winter Games off to a strange corner of the world. It is almost impossible to get there from here. But the IOC has not made a mistake. Not at all.

Despite the hard climate, there are civilized charm and nature's beauty beneath Hokkaido's frozen crust. It was so during last winter when a band of pre-Olympians toured there. They rode the back roads and skied the volcanic mountains, slept on the *futon* beds of ski-village *ryokan* and dined in the roadside cafés on such delicacies as the leafy *harusame* (which means spring rain), the chewy *shungiku* (spring chrysanthemum); such stuff as *shogatogohan* (ginger and rice) and *tara* (dried fish) and *ika* (squid). I for one salute the pleasantries of Hokkaido in winter. And so do my two traveling companions.

There was pleasant company for the trip. There was The Interlocutor, a congenial Japanese friend and winter sports fan from Tokyo who spoke impeccable English. The citizens of Hokkaido are all smiles, eager to serve, but they rarely speak any language but Japanese and become quite morose and moody when they are unable to communicate their goodwill. So The Interlocutor was indispensable. The other companion was a short, plump and bumptious, redhaired and freckled fellow, an American who spoke the English of New York City's Lower East Side. He came to be known as The Graduate because of his years in such worldly institutions of higher learning as P.S. 147 on Henry Street, the elite delivery-boy corps of the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue and the innermost circles (where elbows are sharpest) of Yankee Stadium sports photography. The Graduate spoke no Japanese at all. However, he eventually mastered such basic terms as *konnichi wa* (good day), *ohayo* (good morning), *domo* (thank you), plus a couple of other valuable words—*sukotchi uota* (Scotch and water), *biiru* (beer), *pokku choppu* (pork chop) and *dôzo no sashimi* (please, no raw fish). The Graduate, it turned out, could not abide any form of fish, raw or otherwise. Since the Japanese diet *is* rich with such items as blowfish, octopus, shark fin and cod roe, The Graduate spent a great deal of time in the old *pokku choppu* feed bag.

We rented a Golden Star taxicab in Sapporo, which is the capital of Hokkaido. We strapped our skis to the roof rack. We bought some tangerines in a red net bag for munching. The Interlocutor and I nibbled *tara* (dried fish) and *nori* (dried seaweed), which came in small plastic bags like salted peanuts. The Graduate nibbled real salted peanuts. We all sipped at a bottle of Tokachi wine, a pleasant Beaujolais-like red which is produced in vineyards on the southern tip of Hokkaido.

We set out at night through slippery snow on the streets of Sapporo for Niseko-Shakotan-Otaru Park, a lovely mountainous area about 45 miles away that reputedly offers the best skiing in the north Pacific. The Aspen of north Japan. Maybe even Alta-East. As we skidded through Sapporo it began to snow. This softened the city sights, which was a blessing. However primeval Hokkaido may have been a century ago, its cities have now become as cluttered and massive as the worst of our American gasoline society settlements. Eying the passing Sapporo scene, The Graduate grumbled softly, "Awright. So when do we get outta Bridgeport?"

As in most of Japan, there is a cascading waterfall of neon signs in Hokkaido cities. In Sapporo this becomes a shimmering, exploding kind of electric galaxy at night (unless, of course, one can read Japanese, and then it is all nothing but the shimmering, exploding burst of commercialism—EAT AT KIKIBUSHI'S DINER, BUY YOUR BARGAIN RICE BOWLS AT SATO'S.) But the *gaijin*, foreigner, sees star bursts and symphonies and moon shots and entire libraries of psychedelic poetry going on above the city in those bubbling arrays of Japanese characters in yellow, blue and amber neon tubing. It is an esthetic delight, a work of art—particularly when viewed through the gauzy screen of falling snow.

continued

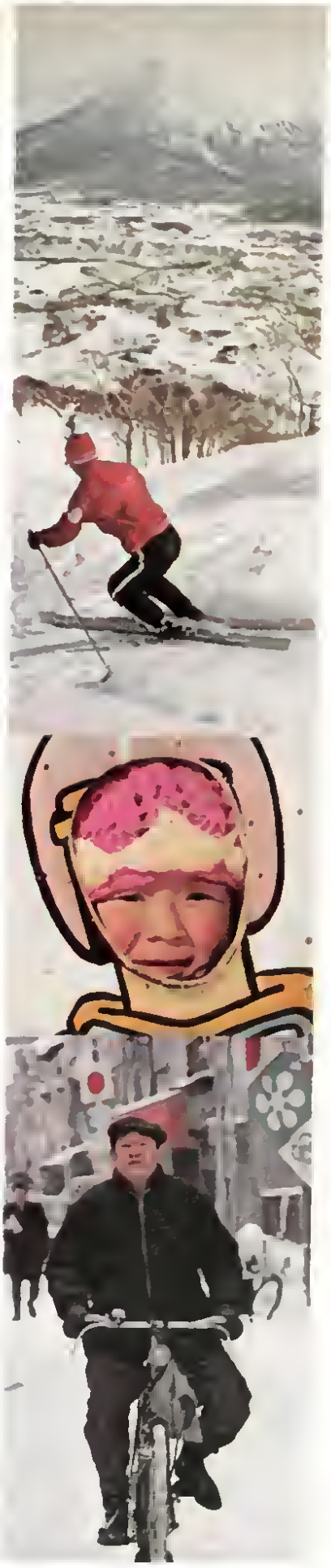
The Graduate fell silent in his corner of the cab. Then he said, "Y'know, this must be where all the neon signs in the world go when they die."

Hokkaido also is the place where all the Coca-Cola signs go to die. There are millions of them. Millions. Always in English. That famed bright red circle with the thick script message glares out everywhere—stuck on shops in the remotest village, stamped on chopstick holders in rural inns, even on the back of every chair on the ski lift at Niseko. The Interlocutor said the Japanese like the omnipresent Coke signs because they remind them of rising suns.

When we arrived at Niseko the lower mountain slopes were lighted, a golden illumination made by rows of soft lamps on posts. A few late skiers made tiny flowing silhouettes against the glowing snow. It was about nine p.m. Then, suddenly, the lights flickered off and Niseko was black. There were a dozen inns clustered at the foot of the ski slope. The only lights now showing in the icy night were a few small, isolated window rectangles. There was, we learned, no night life in Niseko. This was definitely not St. Moritz or even Grenoble, where Olympians could swing the night through, drinking expensive Scotch in loud discothèques.

We removed our boots in the cold lobby, climbed gingerly on stockinged feet up the icy stairs and discovered comfort of quite another sort. Japanese *tatami* rooms are warm, gently lighted and notably cozy. Dressed in robes, we dined sumptuously upon rice, seaweed, fish paste, boiled *pokku*, bean curd, shark filet, dried blowfish, slices of octopus tentacles (the tentacles are the best part, no matter what they say), all accompanied by splashes of warm sake. When we finished, no lights showed at all at the foot of Niseko. It was 11 p.m. The Interlocutor nodded and said, "Japanese skiers are not swingers. They ski hard, and when they come off the sropes, they want only to sreep." We, too, srept deep that night.

The Graduate immediately became fascinated with the Japanese penchant for switching l's and r's in speaking English, as The Interlocutor occasionally did. Indeed The Graduate, for all his rush to escape formal schooling, was a language buff. Whenever he traveled he carried with him a tiny leather case containing a miniature Scrabble set. On airplanes he always challenged seat partners to games, usually at $5 a throw. The Graduate had mastered a number of arcane and otherwise useless English words, such as zo, jo and so on, so he always won more than he lost.



Now, in Hokkaido, The Graduate listened to the Japanese English for a few minutes and quickly invented a game he called Hokkaido Scrabble—or "Sclabber," to be accurate. Although it generally followed usual Scrabble rules, the new point of the game was to substitute l's for r's and vice versa whenever possible. Each l or r used this way was automatically worth a bonus of 15 points. Thus in the inaugural game of Hokkaido Sclabber, I scored with the color "led," the food staple "lice" and the King of Beasts "rion." Strangely, The Graduate did not put down any words for a long time. Then he cried, suddenly, "Now!" While I watched helplessly he carefully spelled out "irregarry." "Irregarry?" I asked.

"Yes," he shouted. "You know, like in the sentence, 'He parked the car irregarry by a fireprug!' " The word, played on a double word square, with one 'r' on a double letter square, was worth 166 points. We played Hokkaido Sclabber no more.

At breakfast we found that an Olympic traveler might as well forget the ham and eggs and hashbrowns except in the big hotels in Sapporo. Still, we dined beautifully, including a bit of the rare "fish of fantasy," roe of herring. The Japanese have come to call it simply "gold" because it is very expensive—in part because the Russians seem to have control of the richest fishing grounds in the Sea of Japan. The Interlocutor allowed that "this is something of a banquet. I did not expect to find such excellent food on the outskirts of Siberia." The Graduate agreed. "This is extlemery civirized,' he said.

The skiing at Niseko can best be described as, well, cheerful. Loudspeakers are scattered about the slopes, on the apparent theory that Japanese skiers can't stand silence, and they serenade all present with music—sometimes the tinkly sound of a children's choir, other times with such golden oldies as *Anchor's Aweigh* and the theme music from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

From the top slopes of Niseko one can see for miles across gentle valleys, across to the perfect Shakotan mountain.

It is called Hokkaido's *Fuji*, for it has the same symmetrical summit, the same whipped-cream snowcap, the same constant hovering cloud that one sees at Honshu's more celebrated volcanic peak. On Niseko the snow was pleasant packed powder on the main slopes. The light had a strange soft coppery tint most of the day except when it turned leaden during frequent quick snow squalls that slammed in with mini-blizzard force for perhaps 10 minutes at a time. The hills were thick with birches, all with a strangely brass-colored bark. There were great pillows of snow suspended in the branches. It was a frail and wintry Japanese print come to life. Except for the occasional *kamikaze* skier who plunged grimly on a straight-line course from top to bottom and except for the Coca-Cola medallions on the lift chairs, lift stations and refreshment stops in the birch glades, it was idyllic.

In our Golden Star taxi we rode across the island of Hokkaido to the hot springs of Noboribetsu. The place is set in a saddle of mountains that falls into chill shadow early in the afternoon. It is on the Pacific Ocean side of Hokkaido, and there is the pungency of sulphur in the air. All around the town plumes of steam spurt from the earth. In Noboribetsu one is suddenly conscious of the eternal, terrible turmoil beneath the frail surface of our planet.

The central focus of the springs of Noboribetsu is a place called Jigoku-dani. The Valley of Hell. It lurks just at the edge of town. It is always cloaked in a cloud of steam. Beneath its ocher mounds and orange cracks bubble the famed boiling springs that bring thousands to town each year. The scalding subterranean waters have been domesticated now, piped docilely into the various hotels around the village for the recreational and medicinal use of health-seeking tourists

Gazing into the Valley of Hell, one is reminded that most of Japan is on notably unstable ground. All of its islands are the result of the upbursts of earthquakes and volcanoes centuries ago. It is said by some that Honshu's celebrated Mount Fuji rose abruptly out of the earth in a single hellish night, shouldering and churning its way toward the sky amid red-hot rains and lava geysers during an earthquake in the year 286 B.C. That is only a legend, perhaps. No one

seems certain. But on Hokkaido, a few miles from Noboribetsu, it is a certifiable scientific fact that Mount Showa Shinzan did indeed come thundering steadily out of the ground over the short period of a year and a half—starting in 1944.

The Valley of Hell is much older. Its mysterious scalding waters have brought definite fame and at least a touch of fortune to Noboribetsu: they are the local industry. Many Japanese consider the Noboribetsu hot baths the best in the world.

Our Golden Star taxi pulled up in front of the Dai-Ichi Takimoto Hotel. It had been carefully selected by The Interlocutor because, of all the hotels in town, this one had the super selection of hot baths and the grandest bathing area.

The Interlocutor knew what he was about when it came to hot baths. The hotel's entire lower level—an area that seemed about the size of the main concourse in Grand Central Terminal—was given over to hot pools of water piped in direct from the Valley of Hell. There were tiles and ornamented mosaics almost out of Roman antiquity, and it was dim and foggy, populated with the silhouettes of wraiths. There were more than a dozen pools, ranging from small bathtub-size to official Olympian proportions. Each pool was posted with a sign in Japanese defining what sort of healing minerals its waters contained—there are 11, including sulphur, calcium and common salt—and the kind of ailment each was good for: boils or arthritis or women's disorders. Here and there were thick leafy plants. Most of them, it seemed, were being used by shy, young nude girls who dodged behind them as naked men walked by. This was a communal bath, once popular but now a vanishing species in Japan.

The Graduate seemed inordinately eager to experience this new situation. While The Interlocutor and I leisurely disrobed in the men's dressing room, The Graduate hurried well ahead of us into the bathing area, one of his cameras secretly wrapped in a towel. The door had hardly slammed behind him when he reappeared, looking embarrassed. In his hurry he had neglected to remove his kimono. One always removes the kimono in a communal bath. One removes everything. The Graduate also had forgotten to take off his brown sweat

continued

socks. They slapped wetly on the floor as he returned to undress.

Although the baths were enormously soothing, The Graduate became uncharacteristically grumpy upon discovering that they also had a tendency to fog camera lenses. Still, this did not seem quite so important when it turned out that 95% of all females who bathed at Noboribetsu averaged about 72 years of age.

Except for taking hot baths, there is not a great deal of sports life in Noboribetsu. There is a very small, very dangerous ski slope that is absolutely carpeted with crowds of madcap, lunatic skiers—no carved turns, no turns of any kind, straight down. There is a bowling alley in Noboribetsu. And there are the ever-present *pachinko* parlors. In fact, if all the *pachinko* parlors in Japan were laid end to end, one could play *pachinko* all the way from Noboribetsu to Harolds Club in Reno.

Pachinko is a game for slot machine fans, though it requires a certain dexterity. It features an upright, glass-covered board and several dozen tiny steel balls. One stands at the board and attempts with a spring-loaded lever to shoot the balls up on the board so they will fall into some proper hole. I found it impossible to master. The Graduate, who professes to murder 'em in Las Vegas, gave up, too, saying he could generate no real desire to win. If one should win, the reward is a can of sliced pineapple. Not a jackpot, a No. 10 can of pineapple.

But The Graduate's mood lightened immediately when he heard about the geisha. We had arranged to have dinner that night with three geisha from town. We had ordered them from the front desk, and the service would appear on our hotel bill, which certainly seemed civilized.

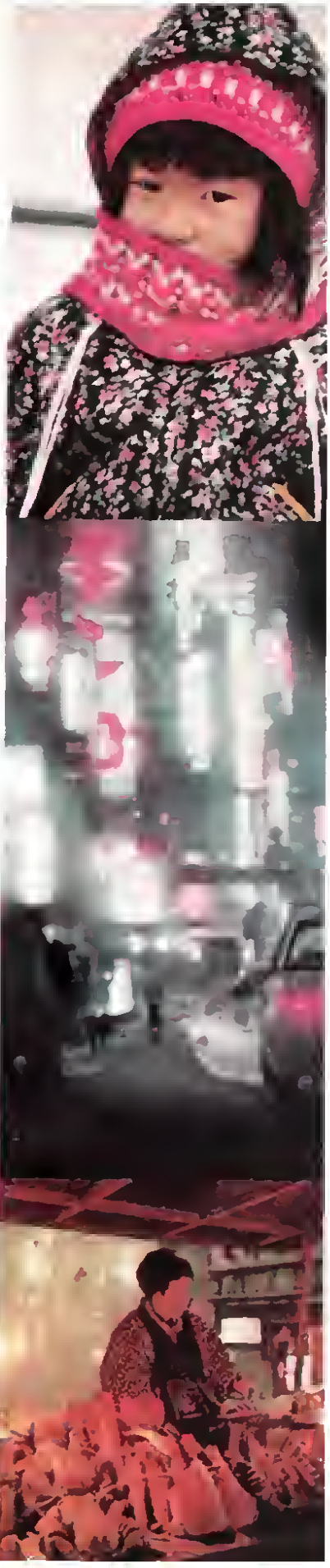
The Interlocutor warned us, however, "They will not be first-class geisha. Such top geisha would never stay in a town like this. These will be, oh, maybe ninth-class geisha." As it turned out, The Interlocutor was too pessimistic. The Noboribetsu geisha were at least seventh-class.

They came to our room together, shuffling along with tiny steps, giggling lightly and bowing frequently. The first was middle-aged, and she smiled winningly at The Graduate right away, displaying an impressive array of steel teeth. The Graduate bowed and muttered, "Love her dentist." The second geisha was young and quite pretty, with fewer steel teeth. The third was the leader of the trio, a stocky, lighthearted lady with a small Band-Aid on her forehead. She was heavily powdered and dressed in the traditional geisha kimonos and carried a tiny bottle opener in her *obi* (the sash around her waist). Her name, we learned, was Komomo-san. That means, she said, Small Peaches. It turned out that she had been close friends with a number of American GIs 20 years ago or so, and she still retained a smattering of English. "Hubba-hubba," said Komomo-san. "I rost my heart at the Stage-Door Canteen. Hubba-hubba." We laughed—The Graduate's laugh actually sounded more like a strangle—and the party got under way.

Now, before I move on to the monumental drama of the evening—in which The Graduate challenged Komomo-san to the *janken-pon* championship of all Hokkaido—let me briefly explain about dinner parties in hotel rooms with geisha, whatever their class. There is about as much likelihood of sin or sex at such an affair as there would be at the birthday party of an 8-year-old boy. Indeed, there is a great similarity between a really smashing geisha blast and a child's birthday party. On this night in north Japan, amid gales of giggles and much flashing of steel teeth, we played games such as passing matchboxes and chopsticks from nose to nose, we did various balancing feats and, of course, we played a lot of *janken-pon*. It turns out that this is simply the ancient and honorable game of paper, rock and scissors in which one tries to outguess his opponent by displaying the symbol which defeats the other. (Paper covers rock, scissors cuts paper, rock breaks scissors, remember?)

We dined, seated on the straw matting in our kimonos. We drank pints and pints of sake. We laughed heartily when Komomo-san crossed her eyes and pretended to be drunk. We giggled merrily when the geisha with the steel teeth hiccupped. Oh, such fun. And then the All-Hokkaido *janken-pon* championship Super Bowl occurred.

No one expected it. But before we knew what was happening, The Graduate and Komomo-san were both on their feet, standing nose to nose, shouting a Japanese chant about baseball that



includes such rousers as "*out-u, safe-u, yoyoi no yoi!*"

The rules of *janken-pon* with geisha dictate that every time a player loses a round he must discard an article of clothing. The Graduate seemed at an obvious disadvantage, since all he had worn to dinner was his kimono, a sash, a pair of Jockey shorts and his famous brown sweat socks, now dried out. Komomo-san was dressed as a traditional geisha should be—with four separate layers of kimonos and shifts, plus countless sashes and bands and a pair of socks with those split toes.

The Graduate grinned at us cockily and said, "She don't know it, but she's dead. Lissen, I used to beat every damned Italian kid on the whole Lower East Side of New York at this game. This is my game, you guys! In fact, I am probably the best rock-paper-scissors player in all of America!"

Komomo-san then announced *that* she was the best *janken-pon*-playing geisha on Hokkaido, perhaps in all Japan, even the entire Far East. The two champions bowed formally to each other. The stage was set.

For more than half an hour the contest went on. The Graduate was magnificent, as promised. Early in the going he lost his sash. Then his kimono. Even his brown socks. But with only his shorts remaining, he settled down and, incredibly, Komomo-san went into a losing streak (at one point her paper was cut by The Graduate's scissors seven times in a row). One by one she removed kimonos and sashes until a sizable pile of clothing lay in one corner of the room. The other two geisha ceased giggling and began to look rather pained. We shouted again, "*Out-u, safe-u, yoyoi no yoi!*" Komomo-san shrieked. The Graduate's rock had broken her scissors. She removed the last sock and now stood in her shift, her absolute final article of clothing. She blushed and bowed to The Graduate, indicating she wanted to quit. He refused. She pleaded. He was adamant. With bowed head and lowered eyes, she agreed to the final round—but only if they could play it in the entryway of the room, where the rest of us could not watch. The Graduate agreed.

We could only hear the chant of the two of them—"*Out-u, safe-u, yoyoi no yoi!*" Then a great bellow went up from The Graduate. Komomo-san shrieked again, giggled, then shouted a single word before she shuffled back into the room, still in her shift: "*maerimashita!*" The Interlocutor nodded. "It means 'I surrender,'" he said. The Graduate stalked arrogantly into the room, made a deep and serious bow in his Jockey shorts. "Hubba-huhba," he said. He was the *janken-pon* champion of Hokkaido. It is a title he still holds and will carry into the 1972 Winter Games.

When one is in Noboribetsu and the baths have been taken and the *pachinko* and *janken-pon* have palled, there is one other thing to do. Visit the Kuma Bokujo. That is a bear ranch. Which is almost exactly what it sounds like—a place given over exclusively to bears. On Hokkaido the bear is rather a sacred beast. The first Japanese—the aboriginal Ainus—held religious ceremonies based on the personality of the bear because he offered them both meat and clothing. On the streets of Noboribetsu one can see six-foot wooden statues, not unlike the cigar-store Indians of America, of a woman with a bear cub feeding at her breast. As The Interlocutor explained, "This means that the Ainus so loved the bear that his women would suckle the babies. Without the bear, the Ainus could not live. Without the bear, maybe Japan would not be."

At the bear ranch, which one reaches after a pleasant, swaying cable car trip to the top of a mountain, one can see the Pacific Ocean glistening in the distance. One also can see a beautiful peak called Mount Tarumai. Rather giddy with a tourist's euphoria, I said to The Interlocutor, "The translations of Japanese names into English are always so poetic. What does Tarumai mean?"

The Interlocutor paused for a moment, thinking, then replied, "It means 'the front side of a bucket,' I believe."

There were 124 bears to watch. There is damn little Teddy in the Hokkaido bear, nor does he look to be a fit companion for the Goldilockses of this world. Our guide looked out toward the Pacific and his voice was hushed. "We are very afraid of our bears," he said. "Each year 400 cows are killed, 80 horses, 1,800 goats. Always one or two men."

We fed the bears some peanuts, throwing them a long, long distance. Judging from the size of the bears, the statistics just might be correct. Still, this is a scene better than any Bronx Zoo. The

continued

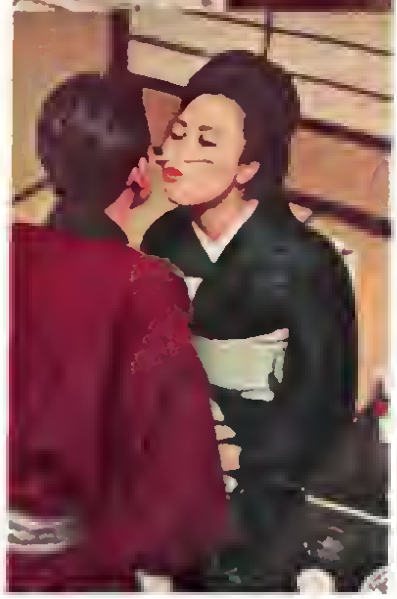
Hokkaido bears are an Olympic must.

The Graduate surveyed downtown Sapporo, a bit of soot dappling the top of his reddish freckles, and made an Olympian pronouncement. "This town," he said, "is like *two* Bridgeports."

Hold on. Sapporo is an industrial center, true, and perhaps an odd place to pick for the 1972 Winter Games. Yet it is earnestly charming and its folks look forward eagerly to February's excitement. Everything is ready. Above the city, high overlooking the plain that leads to the Sea of Japan, the ski slopes swoop down with snowy grandeur. The backdrop for the men's downhill course, steel-blue Lake Shikotsu, may be the most perfect setting for any Alpine ski race ever. The bobsled run snaking down just above the Sapporo suburbs is made of a million perfectly matched ice cubes, actually a work of modern art they should hang in some giant gallery after the Games. The ice arenas are suitably noble. The air is festive. Standing on the hillsides, craning to see racers sweep into view, the Japanese spectators carry bright red-and-yellow thermos jugs on straps around their necks. "Would you care for some tea?" they ask strangers. "It's *delicious*!" It is indeed delicious: for one thing, they put some sort of booze in it. The drink makes spectating a joy.

And the citizens of Hokkaido, isolated by winter, are perhaps the world's greatest spectators, a status that promises to make every Olympic competitor an authentic hero. An obviously out-of-condition Westerner, strolling fatly through the lobby of Sapporo's Park Hotel, is mobbed by chirping platoons of uniformed schoolgirls bearing autograph books, all convinced that he is at least a gold medalist. And a genuine athlete finds his every move watched by thousands of admiring eyes.

For visiting journalists, all this eagerness to see international action, plus the traditional Japanese penchant for politeness, might well shatter one of the old-time Olympic traditions—the post-event interview. Well, it is an affair that needs breaking. After each event the custom has been to herd the three medalists into a press room for an interview. In Europe and more recently in Mexico, this scene has become a scrambling, jostling crush of sharp elbows and shouted questions, most of them banal, such as: "How did you like the course?" (The winner usually replies, "Well, since I *won*, I liked the course fine.")



Not in Sapporo. Diffident, shy and ineffably polite, the Japanese newsmen pack the room, all right. But then they stare at the winners, nodding smilingly and lovingly but too restrained to interfere with private thoughts of victory. It is a custom we might well copy.

Back downtown, inside the sprawling city of one million, we sampled the night life. It is, after all, an unofficial Olympic event. Despite the dizzy effervescence of neon and the charm of the bar girls and dance hostesses, there seems ultimately little to choose from between after-dark Sapporo and, say, Saturday night in Duluth. There is an unbelievable number of tiny, cubbyhole bars. More than 3,000, they say, in the honky-tonk section called *Susukino*. (In translation, The Interlocutor says, it means "giraffe grass." Figure that one out.)

We dined on Kobe beef—from steers that had been raised on beer and massaged daily to give the meat the right amount of marbling—and the celebrated giant hairy crabs. We sipped sake, and much Black Nikka, the excellent Japanese Scotch. And then The Graduate discovered the Sapporo Bier Garten—the local brewery—an event that would make any pre-Olympian's trip complete. There, right smack alongside a giant old vat, one can order up monster steins of excellent beer and dine on such Japanese delicacies as good old Munich sausages and, every night along toward closing, join in the singing and table pounding. The Graduate looked around contentedly in the smoky light, at the familiar crowd, at the waiters scurrying through carrying trays full of foamy, sloshing beer mugs. "I was wrong," he declared. "Sapporo is outta sight!"

We drank a final mug or two and left. Outside, the city was ready for the Games, a year ahead. Stadiums were completed, lovely ice sculptures dotted the streets. All that was left was to hang out the Olympic flags, though there hardly seemed to be room among the neon signs.

Then we turned up our collars. The night had turned menacing. The wind was beginning to blow and there were sharp filings of snow in the air. Another blizzard was about to be shipped in from Siberia.

THE HARD, COLD FACTS OF WINTER GAMES

There ought to be special medals just for Olympic spectators this Feb. 3 to 13. Something suitable in gold for anyone who squeezes in to see all the events; a silver number for getting a confirmed hotel reservation, and a bronze for merely showing up at Sapporo.

Attending the 1972 edition of the Winter Games promises to be something of a separate competition all by itself. Sapporo has been fully booked for months, and now the Japan Travel Bureau is gently discouraging individual Olympic visitors because the city has run out of room. For one thing, the place is not normally such a winter tourist attraction, and when city officials counted up 1,500 beds "suitable for foreigners" in the city and suburbs—adding in the potential of 700 hotel rooms still under construction—the space was quickly booked by Olympic officials and tour packagers.

But that is just one minor handicap. Another problem is that tickets to several of the events are all sold out and others are going fast. Unless one has a tour connection complete with tickets, scratch the opening and closing ceremonies, forget the figure-skating finals, downhill races, slalom and giant slaloms. Still available are the Nordic competitions, speed skating, jumps, bobsled and luge—and if you happen to like hockey, you'll love the Sapporo Games. Then, as if all that were not enough in the way of obstacles, Olympic executives have announced that no tickets will be sold to any event unless the visitor can first show documentation that he has a place to stay. There will be no sleeping in the streets or parks at this Olympics.

Even with all this, attending the Winter Games will not be impossible—just tough. The best bet for Americans is to go package by signing on with one of the tour groups that reserved the beds and bought the tickets several months ago. Here are the contacts with space still available:

APOLLO TRAVEL LTD., 3705 Cherry Creek North Drive, Denver (303: 388-1654), has openings on two Olympic tours. For $1,375, the Denver Businessman's Orient Trade Trip is offering a round trip from Denver Jan. 29 to Feb. 13, plus accommodations, two meals a day, sightseeing tours and tickets to the opening ceremonies. One may save $92 by joining the tour in San Francisco, and an additional $35 will buy tickets to Olympic events from Feb. 4 to 7.

Apollo's other package, provocatively called Skiers and Swingers Tour to Japan and the 1972 Winter Olympics, costs $1,135. The title is not entirely correct, since the skiers and swingers leave Feb. 1 and don't get to Sapporo until Feb. 8, five days after the action starts. The price includes round trip from Denver, plus a seat at the closing ceremony—and $45 more will buy seats to other final-week events. The tour starts off with four days of skiing among the *kamikazes* at Shiga Heights outside Tokyo, an experience guaranteed to leave anybody too shaken for much swinging in Sapporo.

CHURCHILL TOURS, INC., 1137 S.W. Yamhill, Portland, Ore. (503: 224-3770) is offering a $1,285 package that includes a Jan. 31 to Feb. 14 round trip, sightseeing, some meals, two cocktail parties in Sapporo and spectator tickets to the opening ceremonies, 70-meter jumping, men's downhill race and one figure-skating event. The tour will spend one week in Sapporo and another week touring Japan, but if any enthusiasts would rather stay two weeks in Sapporo to see more Olympic action, tickets will be available.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES has the most luxurious plan, with its Orient-cruising *President Cleveland*. $1,720 for a trip that starts Jan. 8 in San Francisco, takes in Los Angeles, Honolulu, Yokohama and Hong Kong, then docks at Otaru near Sapporo Feb. 4, the day after the Games begin. The cruise promises three full days of Olympic spectating, 35 events in six different sports—but the schedule is frankly larded with those interminable early-round hockey eliminations and unfortunately misses the glamour events of the Games. Unless, of course, one jumps ship when it pulls out Feb. 6.

There are alternatives to the package tours, but they call for special tourist enterprise and a certain capacity for hard-

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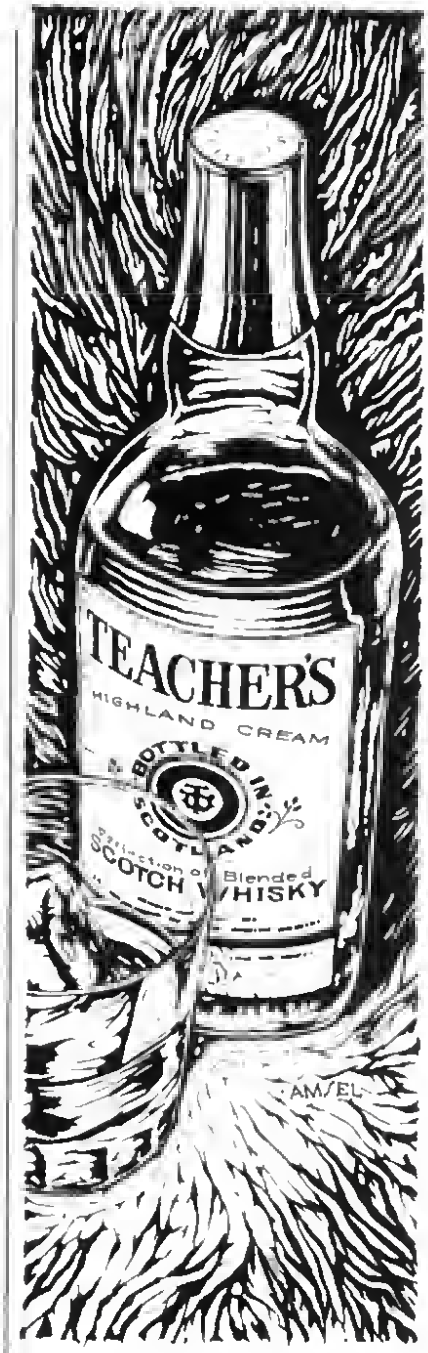

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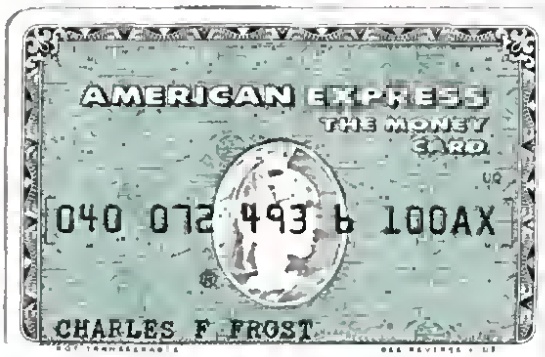

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WINTER GAMES *continued*

ship. First, a few rooms still are available in the Japanese inns around the hot-spring resort hamlets of Noboribetsu and Doya. And while the inns are extremely charming, the hardship lies in the fact that both of these communities are about 2½ hours by car away from Sapporo. Add to this a transfer in town to buses headed for the venues, and it totals up to considerably more than six hours a day of Olympic commuting.

Another possibility, particularly for the selective spectator who wants only to see one or two specific events, is to stay in the pampered comfort of a Tokyo hotel and commute by plane to Sapporo. This is easy enough, much like the New York-Boston-Washington shuttle, a 75-minute flight, $65 round trip. Japan Air Lines and All Nippon Airways each will be running 13 flights daily. They should be reserved well in advance. And when free-lancing it without benefit of a tour, it is imperative to deal through the Japan Travel Bureau at 1 Marunouchi in Tokyo. Once on the Olympic scene, even by air commute, ticket prices are not a problem; fans may attend most events for as little as 28¢ for standing room (the Japanese are very big on standing room), up through 11 categories to $16.66 for first-class reserved seats.

The final plan is only for the very bold. Yukie Chudo, manager of the foreign tourist section of the Japan Travel Bureau, says that prospects for individuals attending the Games are dim right now. But Chudo also points out that "there is always great pressure on accommodations and tickets before an Olympic event. Then, once the Games get under way, it turns out that there are always some hotel rooms, some tickets and even some transportation available. It happened in Tokyo in 1964 and it happened in Grenoble in 1968." So perhaps the prospective visitor with a nervy view of life should not lose all hope. Go ahead, fly to Tokyo on a gamble. Contact the foreign section of the Japan Travel Bureau upon arrival (telephone 211-3211) and see if something has opened up. You might be lucky.

If not, stay in Tokyo and enjoy the visit. Watch all the Olympic action on TV—the quality of Japanese color television is better than ours—and, for atmosphere, step outside and see if Mount Fuji shows through the smog.

—Bob Ottum

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Magnavox

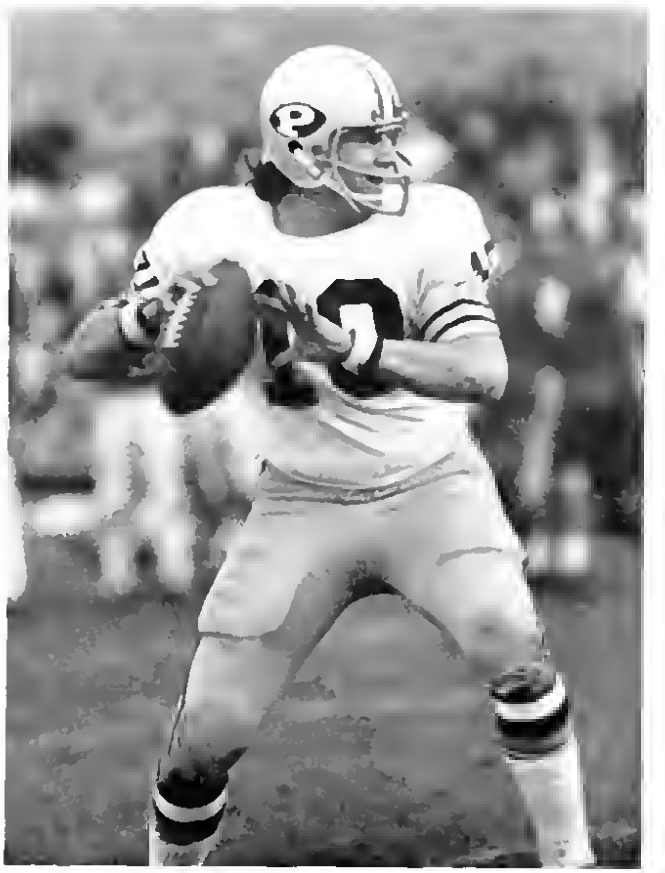
At C.W. on L.I. the QB is O.K. says Y.A.

Translated, at Charles William Post College on Long Island, Quarterback Gary Wichard is 'oll korrect,' meaning he can really throw a football, according to Yelberton Abraham Tittle, an old pro who knows

The Ithaca College campus is a lovely collection of ultramodern buildings clustered on a hillside far above Cayuga's waters. On a clear day you can see Cornell, where there is this Italian kid who is supposed to be able to run some. But Ithaca also has a football team—and a pro prospect—of its own, and last Saturday, on the same day that Ed Marinaro played his last home game for Cornell, an enthusiastic crowd of 5,500 showed up at Ithaca's South Hill Field to see what promised to be one of the more interesting small-college games of the season. Ithaca's nickname is the Bombers, and their star, Doug Campbell, has been known to do some bombing of his own, but most of the explosives belonged to visiting C. W. Post and Quarterback Gary Wichard. They were strictly stuff for Amchitka Island.

Even without a program, it was easy to recognize Wichard. He was the big kid (6' 2" and 217 pounds) with the thick mane of brown hair and the white Joe Willie game shoes. Wichard arrived in Ithaca leading the nation's small colleges in total offense, thanks mainly to some mighty fancy passing. In guiding Post to a 6-1 record, Wichard had completed 120 of 206 for 1,791 yards and 16 touchdowns. He could throw both bullets and bombs, and lately the pro scouts and the national media had been swarming the Post campus in Greenvale, Long Island to have a look. Everyone remembered that only two years ago the NFL's No. 1 draft pick was Terry Bradshaw of little ol' Louisiana Tech.

No such attention danced around Campbell. Oh, the pros were plenty interested in the blond, lanky Ithaca quarterback, all right, but with the idea of making him into a running back—or even a defensive back, which is what he played in high school. Where Wichard is a classic drop-back passer who takes full advantage of Post's pro-style offense, Campbell is a nifty runner with end-turning speed and tackle-breaking strength. He is unique among quarterbacks if for no other reason than he lives at the main fire house in Ithaca and earns his room by fighting fires in his spare time.



EVERYWHERE THAT WICHARD GOES, THE SCOUTS ARE SURE TO FOLLOW

"Sure, I'm a real fireman," says Campbell. "When there's a fire I slide down the pole and jump on the back of the truck. All I do mostly, though, is move equipment and help hold the hoses."

Last season Campbell and Ithaca burned Post in a 20–17 upset, but it was sort of a hollow victory because Wichard missed the game with an injury. This season Wichard's health was fine, but Campbell had spent most of the week in the whirlpool because of a sore back. Even so, Ithaca Coach Jim Butterfield was loose and hopeful before the game. He felt the Bombers could beat Post by controlling the ball on the ground, thereby eating up large chunks of time. "If we don't let Wichard have the ball he can't throw the bomb," reasoned Butterfield, not unreasonably. "We're going to try to nickel and dime 'em to death."

Early on, however, it was apparent that Post was not to be shortchanged, at least not on this crisp, cool after-

continued

noon. While Campbell was able to get off a few of his twisting, dodging runs, Post's defense kept the Bombers from putting together a serious threat. Meanwhile, Wichard mixed his plays intelligently, using his running game—otherwise known as Tailback Ron Carman, who gained 216 yards for the day—to set up his passing. Midway through the first quarter he threw two quick touchdown passes—one to Flanker Jim Cara covering 41 yards, the other to Tight End Bill Cherry covering 46—and suddenly Post had a 14–0 lead and momentum which it never lost. "We wanted to score quick so we would get a lead and force them into passing," said Wichard later. "It worked."

And so it did. When Campbell was forced to go into the air, he underthrew three passes, and Post Safety Tony Faleston was there to grab all three. And when Carman broke a 58-yard TD run late in the second quarter, Post took a 21–0 halftime lead.

The Pioneers took the opening kickoff of the second half and quickly moved to another touchdown. That seemed to break what spirit Ithaca had left, and from there it was just a question of how bad it would finally be. The answer was 62–0. Wichard threw a third TD pass before Post Coach Dom Anile mercifully decided to lift him with a 41–0 lead.

It was not one of his more impressive days statistically, with only seven completions in 21 attempts for 147 yards, but Wichard made a believer out of Butterfield. "He's just out of our league," said the coach later in a corner of the quiet Ithaca dressing room. "He deserves better competition than what our kids can give him."

Neither was it one of Campbell's better days, although he gained 100 yards in 20 carries. "He was just about half-speed," said Butterfield. "He couldn't cut it loose out there like he usually does. But we were just outgunned. They shut off our running game, and when we tried to throw we dropped the ball. After that it was a comedy of errors."

Since there is a proliferation of running backs in college this season, and only a handful of strong-armed quarterbacks, it is safe to assume that Wichard probably will go higher than Campbell in the pro draft. He is a legitimate prospect, perhaps a great one, as the New York Giants found out as early as last July. The Giants hold their preseason training camp on the C.W. Post campus, and last summer Wichard and his good friend, Split End Lenny Izzo, worked there as security guards, complete with blue uniforms and badges. One day, when these two guards were shagging balls for Kicker Pete Gogolak, some of the Giants noticed that one of the security men was throwing the ball farther than Gogolak was kicking it. When it was discovered that the young man was Wichard, he was invited to work out one day with Y.A. Tittle, the old pro who now coaches Giant quarterbacks. After watching Wichard throw, Tittle issued the statement that has been quoted so much around Post that it should be carved in granite at the stadium: "He might have the best arm I've ever seen."

The scouts have been bird-dogging Wichard since Post's opening game (a 24–14 loss to Lehigh), and they have been so persistent that now Wichard feels sort of lonesome when he comes out to practice and there are not a couple of strangers hanging around with stopwatches and notebooks in hand. Usually all the scouts do is drag on cigarettes, make a few notes, ask some questions and disappear. "It's very frustrating," says Wichard, "because they never say much about what your chances are. They just kind of leave you hanging."

Nevertheless, all this attention is exciting for Wichard, his teammates and his coaches, because football at Post is no big thing. The Pioneers play teams like Adelphi and King's Point, and if they get out 3,500 for a home game they think it's a big crowd. Post has no massive stadium, no high-priced coaching staff and not even enough good footballs to use at practice. "No kidding," says Anile. "We have only two that I let my quarterbacks throw. The rest we use for kicking." Also, most of the 11,000 students at Post consider themselves too hip to get turned on by something as irrelevant as football, so Wichard goes largely unrecognized as he slouches around campus with his shirttail hanging out over his dungarees. "Look at him," says Anile, affectionately, "I ask you, does he look like a hero?"

Besides casual mod clothes, Wichard likes parties, hard rock, his steady girl and antique cars. His father, a painting contractor in Great Neck, N.Y., has a collection of about 35 restored automobiles—including such beauties as a '31 La Salle roadster and a '31 Rolls-Royce—that he exhibits in various shows. "He's really into that," says Wichard, "and my brother and I also are pretty interested." What Wichard doesn't like much is to run with a football; naturally his teammates call him Woo Woo.

But otherwise, Wichard seems to have it all—the size, the intelligence, the desire and, mainly, the arm. But will he be able to make it as a pro? Surprisingly enough, most scouts feel that playing at C.W. Post will be less of a disadvantage than people think. "He's getting the experience of running a pro-style attack and calling audibles, stuff like that," said one scout. "That's got to give him an advantage over these major-college quarterbacks who have been playing in the Wishbone. In looking at a kid like this you've got to see whether he *dominates*. If a kid only holds his own against a team like Ithaca, it's hard to imagine him playing in the NFL. But if he dominates his class, that's something else. And Wichard dominates. Believe me, he dominates."

THE WEEK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

EAST

1. PENN STATE (8-0)
2. CORNELL (7-0)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (6-2)

Columbia, with a 4-3 record, played its seventh game this season in which the point margin was three points or less, this time upsetting favored and undefeated Dartmouth 31–29 on a 34-yard field goal by Paul Kaliades with 48 seconds to go. Steve Howland plunged for two touchdowns and Quarterback Don Jackson threw touchdown passes to Rick Assaf and Jesse Parks to give Columbia a 28–14 lead in the third period and an apparent end to its string of heart stoppers. But Indian reserve Quarterback Steve Stetson tossed touchdown passes of eight yards to Rip Klupchak and 63 yards to Tyrone Byrd to quickly lift Dartmouth in front 29–28, a lead that held until Kaliades' wobbling kick just tumbled over the crossbar. It was the Big Green's first loss after 15 straight wins.

With Dartmouth out of the way, unde-

continued

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Edge is a trademark © 1971 S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisc.

feated Cornell had first place in the Ivy League all to itself after beating Brown 21–7. The Bruins led 7–6 after an 80-yard scoring march in the third quarter. Then Ed Marinaro, who ground out 176 yards on 37 carries, scored his 16th and 17th touchdowns of the season as Cornell rallied before a home field crowd that shouted "We're No. 1!" Princeton came back from a 10-0 deficit to cut down Harvard 21–10, and Yale beat Penn 24–14.

Notre Dame visited Pitt and rediscovered how to score, trampling all over the Panthers 56–7. Notre Dame scored four touchdowns in the first 23 minutes and kept up the barrage all game long. Ed Gulyas had three touchdowns, Larry Parker two, and soph Quarterback Cliff Brown ran Parseghian's multiple sets, Power I's and Wishbone-power pitchouts with the poise of a pro.

Undefeated Penn State, marking time until its big game with Tennessee on Dec. 4, walloped Maryland 63–27 for its 13th straight win. Lydell Mitchell scored five touchdowns, gained 209 yards rushing in 24 carries and broke half a dozen school records. Boston College, blanked in the first half, gained a lackluster 10–3 win over Syracuse, while Army beat Rutgers 30–17.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (7-1)
2. STANFORD (7-2)
3. WASHINGTON (7-2)

Stanford has lost two games and is not exactly the scourge of the West, but the Indians defeated floundering UCLA, which has won only two games, 20–9, and clinched first place in the troubled Pacific Eight Conference (*page 28*) and an automatic Rose Bowl bid. Postgame talk was more about how badly Stanford would be beaten by its probable Rose Bowl opponent, Michigan, on New Year's Day than on the game. In the first half, the best the Indians and Bruins could do was match field goals. Then Stanford got untracked in the second half, and Quarterback Don Bunce completed a string of five straight passes prior to driving in for the go-ahead touchdown from six yards out. "They said we were through when Plunkett graduated," said a Stanford assistant coach after the game, "but Bunce will do as well as Jim in the Rose Bowl. He's faster and a better runner and a heckuva passer."

In other Pacific Eight games, Washington routed California 30–7 as Quarterback Sonny Sixkiller ran two yards for one touchdown, passed 68 yards to Jim Krieg for another and sat out most of the last three

continued

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quarters. Southern California held the league's leading rusher, Bernard Jackson (130 yards per game average), to 56 yards while winning its third straight, beating Washington State 30–20.

Arizona State won its 17th Western Athletic Conference game in a row and all but wrapped up this season's title with a 38–13 win over Brigham Young, holder of a modest four-game win streak. Lower down in the WAC standings, New Mexico outfasted Utah 57–39.

Oregon looked listless in the first half against Air Force and trailed 14–0. In the second half, however, the Falcons suffered three lost fumbles and two pass interceptions, and the Ducks exploded to win 23–14 on two touchdowns by Bobby Moore and a 56-yard field goal by Steve Buettner.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (9-0)
2. GEORGIA (9-0)
3. AUBURN (8-0)

Two high-scoring offenses, the Power I and the Wishbone T, met on network TV in Baton Rouge, but when the pad popping was over, and Alabama had remained undefeated by squeezing past LSU 14–7, the defenses had stolen the show. Alabama's Wishbone could produce only nine first downs, one touchdown and no completions in three passing attempts. One of the Crimson Tide's problems was an early injury to Johnny Musso. In the first half Alabama was held to field goals of 29 and 38 yards by Bill Davis and finally scored its touchdown midway through the third quarter when Quarterback Terry Davis rolled out to his left, got a fierce block by Musso and scampered into the end zone from 16 yards out to cap a four-play, 52-yard drive. Musso slammed in for the two-point conversion.

Undefeated Georgia had no problems moving the ball back and forth against a stunned Florida defense, winning easily 49–7 and making up somewhat for the Bulldogs' upset loss to the Gators last season. Georgia rolled to a 20–7 halftime lead, primarily on its defensive agility. Buz Rosenberg ran back a punt 36 yards to set up one touchdown, and Mixon Robinson scored another on a 38-yard interception return of a John Reaves pass. In the second half the offense turned the game into a rout. Not since 1946 has Georgia started out 9-0, but to make it 10-0 the Bulldogs must get by Auburn this week.

What about Auburn? Well, the Tigers have been slow starters at times this season, but Pat Sullivan took charge in the first half against Mississippi State. He passed for three touchdowns, two to his favorite receiver, Split End Terry Beasley, and one to Flanker Dick Schmalz to lead the Tigers to a 30–0 lead over Mississippi State. Sullivan completed 13 of 24 passes for 140 yards and then watched from the sidelines as the Bulldogs scored three touchdowns on passes against Tiger reserves in the final quarter to dehumiliate the final score to 30–21.

North Carolina's Ken Craven kicked four field goals, of 23, 37, 28 and 26 yards, as the Tar Heels defeated Clemson 26–13 and took over sole possession of first place in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Houston, apparently headed for either the Bluebonnet or Sun Bowl, whacked Memphis State 35–7 as Robert Newhouse gained 111 yards and the passing combination of Gary (Moon) Mullins to 5' 8" Split End Pat Orchin connected six times for 166 yards despite miserably cold and damp weather. Tennessee, bogged down in a defensive struggle with South Carolina, suddenly put the Gamecocks in a hole when sophomore Fullback Steve Chancey quick-kicked 66 yards from his nine-yard line. Then Chancey scored on a plunge for a 7–0 halftime lead, and the Vols ran away in the second half to win 35–6.

Duke trampled West Virginia 31–15 with the aid of five pass interceptions; Navy, failing where Army had succeeded earlier this year, lost to Georgia Tech 34–21, Kentucky edged Vanderbilt 14–7; and North Carolina State won only its second game of the season, upsetting heavily favored Miami 13–7.

SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (6-2)
2. TEXAS (6-2)
3. ARKANSAS (6-2-1)

It has been a bumpy trail, but Texas keeps plugging away and has now suddenly emerged as the strong favorite to make a fourth straight trip to the Cotton Bowl. While transistor radios tuned to the Arkansas-Rice game buzzed throughout the stands, the Longhorns stamped out a solid 24–0 win over Baylor before a home-town Austin crowd of 54,500. Texas Quarterback Eddie Phillips returned to action after missing four games with a pulled hamstring muscle and guided his team to a 17–0 halftime lead before turning the ball over to super-sub Donnie Wigginton. But most of the excitement was provided by Jim Bertelsen and punt-return specialist Dean Campbell. Bertelsen slashed his way 31 yards for a touchdown the second time Texas had the ball, added another in the third period on a one-yard dive and picked up a total of 136 yards in 20 carries. Campbell, a wispy 5' 5" 145-pounder who risks being floored by the punts

continued

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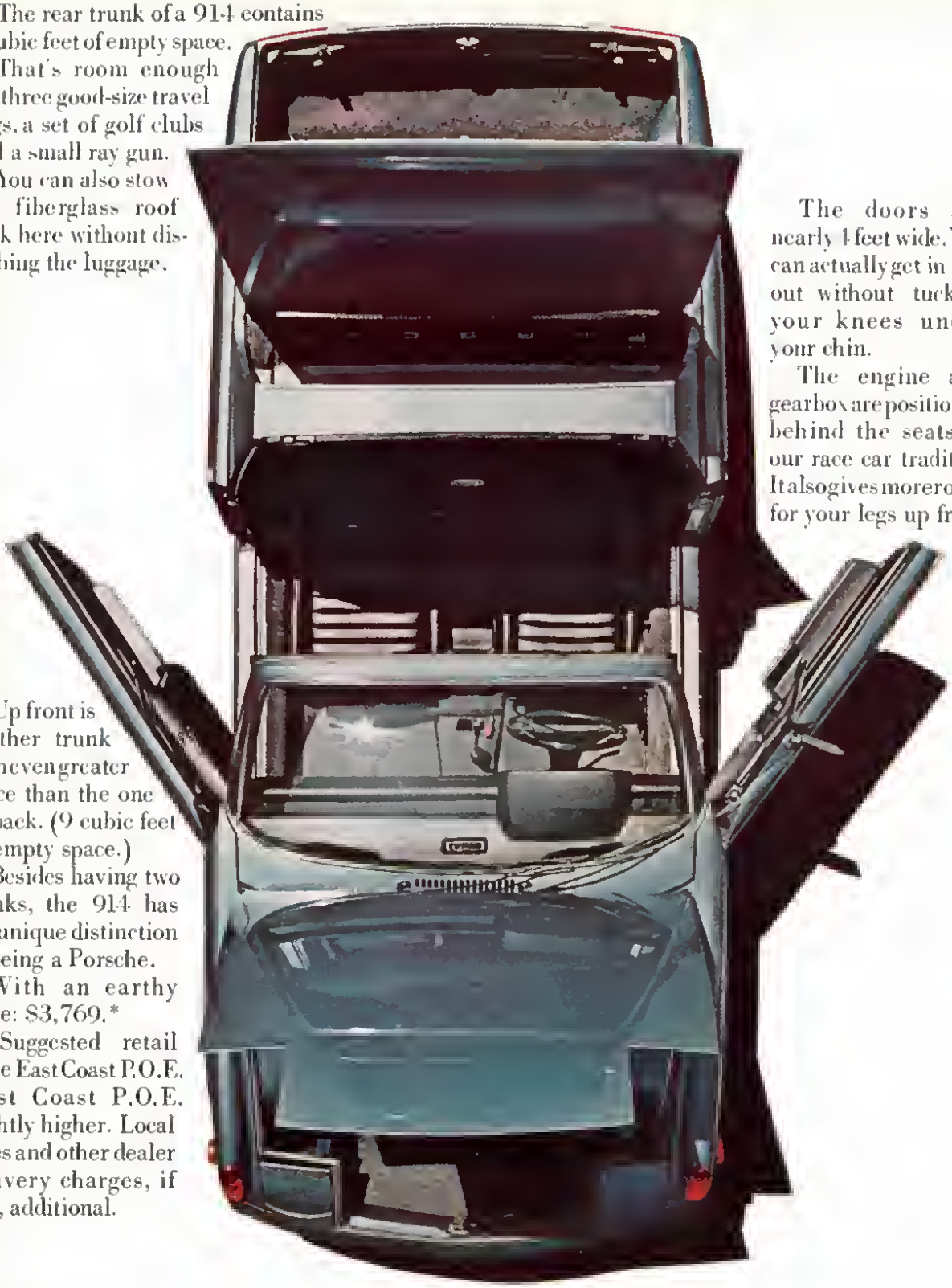

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he catches, returned one 57 yards to set up a 36-yard field goal by sophomore Linebacker Glenn Gaspard in the second quarter and ran back another 32 yards.

Stumbling Arkansas escaped total extinction on Dil McClard's third field goal of the game, a 45-yard kick that tied Rice 24–24 with only two seconds left. It provided a dandy item for second guessers. On the previous play Owl Coach Bill Petersen elected to have Mark Williams punt the ball from his end zone with nine seconds left rather than take an intentional safety and earn a free kick from the 20. The Hogs' Jack Morris, standing on the Rice 43, signaled for a fair catch, but Carl Swierc of the Owls, barreling downfield, stumbled into Swierc. The subsequent 15-yard penalty put the ball on the Rice 28, and on the next play McClard tied the game up.

Texas Christian kept its bowl hopes warm, just barely, by grinding out a 17–6 win over disappointing Texas Tech. Best known for a strong passing attack triggered by Quarterback Steve Judy, the Horned Frogs stuck to the ground for a change, running for 217 yards and passing for only 83.

Neither Texas A&M nor SMU have much left to look forward to this season, except as spoilers. The Aggies, who had beaten Arkansas the week before, just about dislodged the Mustangs from the conference race, thumping them 27–10.

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (8-0)
2. NEBRASKA (9-0)
3. MICHIGAN (9-0)

Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler has so much manpower he can lose his starting fullback, Fritz Seyferth, through injury on Tuesday and still come up with a substitute on Saturday—in this case sophomore Ed Shuttlesworth—who can blast out 112 yards rushing and score three touchdowns. Which is one of the reasons the Wolverines walloped hopelessly outmatched Iowa 63–7 and virtually assured themselves a Rose Bowl trip. Strangely, the game was close for a brief time after Iowa Quarterback Frank Sunderman hit Dave Triplett with an 11-yard scoring pass following a fumble recovery. But the Wolverines' Bruce Elliott returned a punt 33 yards to the Hawkeye three-yard line and Shuttlesworth smashed over for his third TD, and Michigan was on its way. Adding to the carnage was Kicker Dana Coin, who booted nine extra points to set an NCAA season record with 51 consecutive conversions.

"We gave them the ball in too good a field position," was the way Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes rationalized the Buckeyes' shocking 17–10 loss to Michigan State. Trailing 10–3 in the second quarter, the Spartans tied the score as Brad Van Pelt returned a pass interception 30 yards to the Buckeye seven, and two plays later MSU's Eric Allen darted into the end zone from five yards out. The Spartans then scored in the final quarter after Doug Halliday had fallen on a loose Buckeye pitchout at the Ohio State 11. Four plays later Allen dived in again for the winning touchdown.

Oklahoma had its usual tough time with Missouri, punching out a 20–3 victory. The Tigers throttled the Sooner Wishbone T with a closely packed 6-2-3 defense that contained the deep pitches to Halfback Greg Pruitt and dared Oklahoma to pass. The Sooners got all three touchdowns on three explosive plays—a 70-yard run with a blocked field-goal attempt by Linebacker Mark Driscoll, a 78-yard burst off tackle by Roy Bell and, finally, a 44-yard pass from Quarterback Jack Mildren to Al Chandler, the lone Oklahoma pass completion of the game.

Nebraska won its 19th straight game, crushing Iowa State 37–0 as the Cornhuskers caught three State passes, only one less than Cyclone Quarterback Dean Carlson could complete to his own receivers. Husker Slotback Johnny Rodgers had another dazzling day. He scored one touchdown on a 10-yard run and another on a prancing 62-yard punt return that left thwarted defenders sprawled across the field like fallen sheaves of corn.

In other Big Eight games, Colorado routed Kansas 35–14, and Kansas State, scoring 21 points in the last quarter, rallied to beat Oklahoma State 35–23. Among the Big Ten also-rans, Wisconsin upset Purdue 14–10 on Alan Thompson's three-yard touchdown plunge with nine seconds left; Northwestern walloped Minnesota 41–20; and Illinois won its third straight after six defeats, edging Indiana 22–21.

Toledo ran its winning streak to 32, beating Northern Illinois 23–8. Beloit ended a 29-game losing streak by shutting out Carlton 7–0.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Penn State senior Halfback Lydell Mitchell closed in on a college scoring record with five touchdowns against Maryland, giving him 21 for the season, just three shy of the NCAA mark set by Arizona's Art Luppino.

THE LINEMAN: Linebacker Tom Surlas of Alabama made 14 tackles in the 14–7 win over LSU, five on the far side of the field, three stopping the Tigers for no gain, and finally on the last play breaking up a Tiger screen pass.

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Montreal serves one up, extra Dryden

In a shoot-out between cup rivals, the Canadiens cooled off Chicago

One of the troubles with expansion-style hockey is the rarity of those classic confrontations that the established clubs built up over decades and staged at least 14 times a year. Last Saturday night, praise be, the Montreal Canadiens and the Chicago Black Hawks briefly restored the good old days with a grudge match in the Forum.

For the Black Hawks it was their first chance to avenge what the Canadiens did to them in the Stanley Cup final six months ago. For the Canadiens it was a time to prove that beating the Black Hawks had been no fluke. "I'm certain a lot of people don't think the best team won," said Montreal's Peter Mahovlich. "I do."

The personal match-ups were well established during the cup finals. Keith Magnuson, the brash young Chicago defenseman, was waiting impatiently to resume his hostilities with Jacques Lemaire and Henri Richard. "I've got to get out and hit somebody right away, to get things going our way," he said. Magnuson could not forget how Richard had skated around him and scored the cup-winning goal in the seventh game.

Rejean (Peanuts) Houle, the little *Montreal wing, was not quite that* impatient. He was assigned to check Bobby Hull, who could, if provoked, lift Houle with one hand and deposit him in the red seats. "I just try to skate alongside him," Houle said, "and when he skates away I hook or trip or do what I must to stop him. There is no other way."

For the purists at the Forum, the supreme confrontation was that of Hull and Montreal's Frank Mahovlich—the Golden Jet and the Big M. They are the highest-scoring left wings in history, and when they played against each other 14 times a season the games looked like shoot-outs staged by C. B. DeMille. Hull would charge up the ice, shedding defenders effortlessly and then fire his slap shot from 30 feet at a petrified goaltender. The next minute Mahovlich would take the puck down the ice, skating majestically in long strides, traveling faster than he looked, and blast away at another petrified goalie from 30 feet.

Both have changed since then. Hull, 32, probably will never score 50 goals again because now he skates both ways. "If it's 50-50 whether I can get to a puck and get a shot away," he says, "I forget the shot and worry about my check." He plays only 25 minutes a game, not 45, and as a result expects to survive as a player a few extra years.

"*I like to think of myself as a car*," he says. "If you go 90 mph all the time, you tear it down."

Mahovlich, 33, has thrived emotionally on the hockey atmosphere in Montreal since the Canadiens acquired him from Detroit last January. "For the first time in his career Frank does not have big pressure on him," says Jean Beliveau. "He always used to be a tense man. Now look at him, he is so relaxed."

Throughout his career Mahovlich has never satisfied his critics, particularly Punch Imlach, who was his coach in Toronto. "Even when I scored 48 goals for the Leafs," Frank said last week, "they were not happy."

Imlach traded Frank to Detroit, where he played on a line with Alex Delvecchio and Gordie Howe. "Things were fine there until [General Manager Ned] Harkness arrived," he said. "Ned had too many wheels turning. He kept talking about a new concept, and when I'd ask him what he meant he never gave me the right answer. Now, take Bobby Hull. Give him a puck, a stick and a pair of skates and put him on your team. Do you need a new concept?"

As he spoke, Mahovlich was the hottest gunner in the NHL, with 13 goals in 11 games. "The amazing thing," said Coach Scotty Bowman, "is that he has taken only 35 shots. That's almost 40%. Just incredible."

As the game began, hostilities flared immediately. Stan Mikita crashed into J. C. Tremblay, and then Magnuson and Pete Mahovlich battered each other. Even little Houle ran at Magnuson. What Houle—and Claude Larose, at times—did to Hull was practically criminal, and

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Bobby got only one shot on Montreal's Ken Dryden all night. Mahovlich got less attention—but no more shots. Thus, as the heavyweights sparred, the outcome turned on the performances of supporting players—especially the goalies.

Midway in the second period Chicago Defenseman Bill White, the best player on the ice this night, scored from a faceoff, and Chicago led 1-0. Rookie Guy Lafleur, who is groping to find his way, tied the score with a blast past Chicago's Gary Smith. Then, near the end of the period, Magnuson erupted. He held Lemaire against the boards and, noticing that Referee Bill Friday was calling a penalty, started to punch Lemaire. Eventually Lemaire retaliated. Friday gave Magnuson three two-minute minor penalties for his conduct and Lemaire only two minutes altogether.

The Black Hawks, thanks to superb defensive work by White and Pat Stapleton, survived Magnuson's four minutes alone in the penalty box. But in the third period Guy Lapointe, the second-year Montreal defenseman, took the puck from Dryden, skated the length of the ice and, with a neat move, beat Smith. That won the game for Montreal 2-1.

"He made a great play," Reay said. "We have no complaints, except that we didn't win, of course."

"I don't know where we would have been without Dryden," Bowman said afterward. "He keeps making the big saves. Why, they've scored on him in only six of the last 21 periods he has played."

Flying to Boston, where Frank Mahovlich scored the winning goal in a 3-2 victory over the Bruins Sunday night, Bowman admitted to being depressed about the Canadiens' performance so far this year, even though they were close on the heels of New York. "These guys turned it on for six weeks last year and they won the cup," he said. "They think they can do it again. They're winning now, but some night Dryden won't be back there and they'll see how different things can be.

"Dryden has had more than 30 shots on him in 10 of our 12 games. The players are beginning to think he's a miracle worker. Well, he was last year. And the way they're playing, he'll have to be a miracle worker again this year."

Next Hawk-Canadien confrontation: Nov. 24 in Chicago. Biggest miracle will be getting a ticket. END

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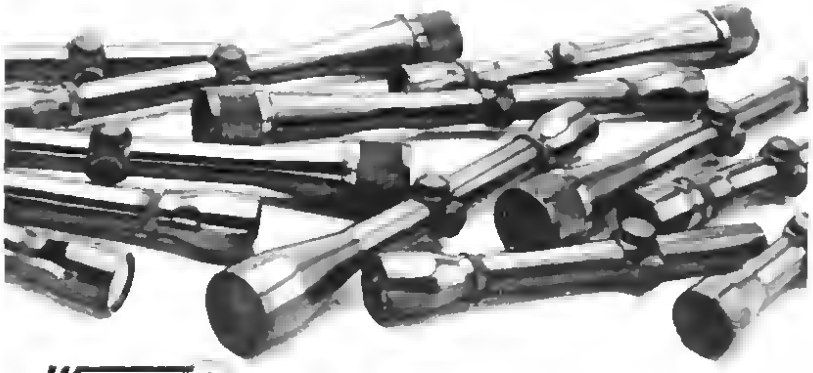

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Otis Taylor of the Kansas City Chiefs (89) has no peer at receiving a football—left-handed, right-handed or with his hands behind his back

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Everyone is up to date in Kansas City on the deeds of Otis Taylor, the flanker for the Chiefs. People talk about him constantly, like 11th century Spaniards adding to the epic of El Cid or Wagner savoring the triumphs of Siegfried. From Coach Hank Stram on down to the headwaiter at the Plaza Inn, who has been known to ask Taylor for at least half a dozen autographs during dinner, everyone has a favorite Otis Taylor play to recall. As a matter of fact, Stram has two, and both occurred in the recent game against the heretofore undefeated Washington Redskins. The Chiefs were losing 20–13 in the fourth quarter. They were back on their 10, third down, 18 yards to go. Quarterback Len Dawson flipped a short pass to Taylor on the 14. Taylor skipped by one tackler and headed upfield, where four Redskins hit him on the 26. He carried the four of them with him for three more yards and the first down. "That's emotion, emotional stamina!" exults Stram. "Otis is a winner. That was the big play of the game for us." Four plays later the Chiefs tied the score.

With only a few minutes left, the Chiefs scored the winning touchdown on a 28-yard pass from Dawson to Taylor, who again performed in spectacular fashion. As he crossed the goal line, he leapt for the pass, and at the same time Pat Fischer of the Redskins, who was alongside, wrapped his arms around Taylor, pinning Taylor's left arm to his side. So Taylor reached up with his right hand to haul in the ball for the score. Stram was so excited he ran out on the field to hug Taylor coming back to the bench.

One of the great things about Taylor is that, for the most part, he keeps adding to his legend with each game he plays, much in the manner of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Last Sunday against the Jets was an exception. Taylor caught but two passes for 35 yards as the Chiefs were upset 13–10. Dawson threw to him only four times. One ball soared over his head and the other time he slipped in the mud. Nonetheless, Taylor has gained 683 yards this season, more than any other NFL receiver, and he has a good chance of bettering his own record of 1,297 yards set in 1966.

Now 29 and in his seventh season with the Chiefs, Taylor was born in Houston and raised by his mother, a domestic, and an older sister who is a nurse. Always a fast runner—he can do the 40 in 4.4—he hunted rabbits as a boy by chasing them down and then whacking them with a stick. At Evan E. Worthing High School he played quarterback, and although he could (and still can) throw a football 75 yards, he went to Prairie View A&M on a basketball scholarship. He was the quarterback until his sophomore year, when he was replaced by Jim Kearney, now a safety with the Chiefs. "We did some fantastic things together at Prairie View," Taylor recalls. "Jim would just tell me to get free, and then he'd whip it 50, 60, 70 yards. If there ever was a quarterback, he was one."

Taylor credits much of his proficiency in football to basketball. "It helped the quickness, the agility," he says. "I tried to do the things Elgin Baylor did. I saw this man while I was in high school, and I *just fell in love* with him. I wasn't a great shooter. I played forward and center. You might not believe this, but Willis Reed and I played to a 13–13 point standoff in college. He bloodied my nose, but I never did quit."

Drafted fourth by the Chiefs in 1965, Taylor almost didn't get to play in the American Football League. For a week he and several other college players, including Spider Lockhart, who is now with the Giants, were under the thumb of an NFL "baby-sitter" in Dallas who kept shifting them from one hiding place to another. The baby-sitter made the mistake of constantly telling Taylor how great Bob Hayes was doing with the Cowboys, and so when Lloyd Wells, an old friend and Kansas City scout, made secret contact, Taylor sneaked out a window to sign with the Chiefs.

Although Taylor has speed, strength

continued

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and size (6' 3", 215 pounds), he is obsessed with self-perfection. His one-handed catch against the Redskins was no fluke. He regularly practices catching the ball either left-handed or right-handed, even in the crook of one elbow. In practice he also works on catching a ball running at full speed with his arms folded *behind* his back. "This is my job," he says. "If a ball is thrown to me, I should catch it. A ball can come in so many ways, and I do these things in practice because something awkward may happen in a game. God did give me two hands to catch with, and if the ball comes when I can't use one of them, I'll use the other. I'm not defeated."

Whenever the Chiefs' defensive backs gather to watch a film of an upcoming opponent, Taylor watches, too. He wants to see other receivers in action on the chance he might learn something from them. As he puts it, Paul Warfield of the Dolphins is "Mr. Slant, that's what I call him. He's put a patent on that pattern. You're running in an area where there's a lot of people. It's a quick pattern, and when you catch the ball you're likely to be hit. You can't hear footsteps. The main thing is to catch the ball. I figure that if I can look at Warfield or Charley Taylor and pick up some little things they're doing, I'm going to be a better receiver. I don't ever feel like I know too much about being a receiver.

"For six years I've been trying to run a sideline like Chris Burford or Ray Berry. No one had their moves from the line of scrimmage to 15 yards. George Sauer was Mr. Moves. Gene Washington at Frisco, he gets open in unusual situations. If you can take a little bit from these guys, this is beneficial to you. I don't look at young receivers—I'm not down on them, they've got a lot going—but I try to concentrate on the guys who've been around." Whatever Taylor learns, he shares with younger receivers on the Chiefs, such as Morris Stroud, a 6' 10", 265-pound tight end, and Elmo Wright, a jewel of a rookie. Similarly, when the defense is on the field during the course of a game, Taylor studies the opposing receivers. Should he spot a pattern, he will shout to the secondary, and as Cornerback Emmitt Thomas says, "You listen."

When Taylor is on the field he always checks the sidelines upon leaving the huddle to see how many yards are needed. The bump-and-run does not bother him. "You have to work harder to get open," he says, "but I'm blessed with my size, my strength. If the defensive back lunges, and I'm not there, he's dead." Once play starts, Taylor says, "I try to elude the defensive back and stay far enough away so he can't touch me or knock me off stride."

Quick to pick up defenses, Taylor is, according to Dawson, very adept at finding the open areas in a zone. "He has such great reflexes and great hands," Dawson says, "but it isn't the hands—it's the head."

How Taylor catches a ball depends on where it is thrown. "If the ball is away

continued

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from me," he says, "I run with the drive of a trackman, and then at the last second I put my hands out. If you run with your hands out, you'll never get it." Should a defensive back stay right with him, Taylor may suddenly stop to jump for the ball, reasoning that the back has too much momentum to brake with him. Taylor did this against the Steelers, only to drop the ball when he fell to the ground. "I was disheartened," he says, "but there's never a ball game that I've played where I don't think later about what I could have done better."

For Taylor life begins anew every time he receives a pass. "I just don't settle for the catch," he says. "I love to run. I don't know what's going to happen. I go on instinct. I'll jump, I'll skip, I'll dance sideways, anything to get the ball farther downfield." He rather enjoys the challenge of his matchups against the better defensive backs, such as Willie Brown of the Raiders. In a way, Taylor even relishes a good "pop" from an opponent; he tries to learn from them. Recalling a game against the Rams, he says, "I came off the line with just a glide, and the left linebacker, No. 32 [Jack Pardee], slapped me with an elbow, and he said, 'You better know what you're doing.' And I said to myself, 'Lord, I'd better learn,' and I'm glad he gave me that pop. It was a teaching pop."

Is there nothing then that can stop Taylor? Pat Fischer, who has been described as speaking of Taylor in "a low, awed voice that would have been appropriate for a scientist who has just been given a glimpse of the ultimate weapon," said he couldn't have been any closer when Taylor made his game-winning catch. Playing him tight won't work and neither will playing him loose. According to Willie Mitchell, an ex-defensive back for the Chiefs, there is only one way to beat his friend. Mitchell was sitting in Taylor's Kansas City nightclub, the Flanker's Lounge, one evening last week when he gave voice to his scheme. "I'd tell you what I'd do," he said, leaning back with a leer. "I'd *bite* him, and I'd get down in there and *twist* his leg." The din from the band almost drowned out Mitchell's catalog of horrors. "I'd say *mean* things about his momma," Mitchell went on. "And I'd *spit*, really *spit*, right on his face. I'd try to get him so angry he'd fight and get thrown out of the game. That's the only way to beat Otis Taylor." **END**

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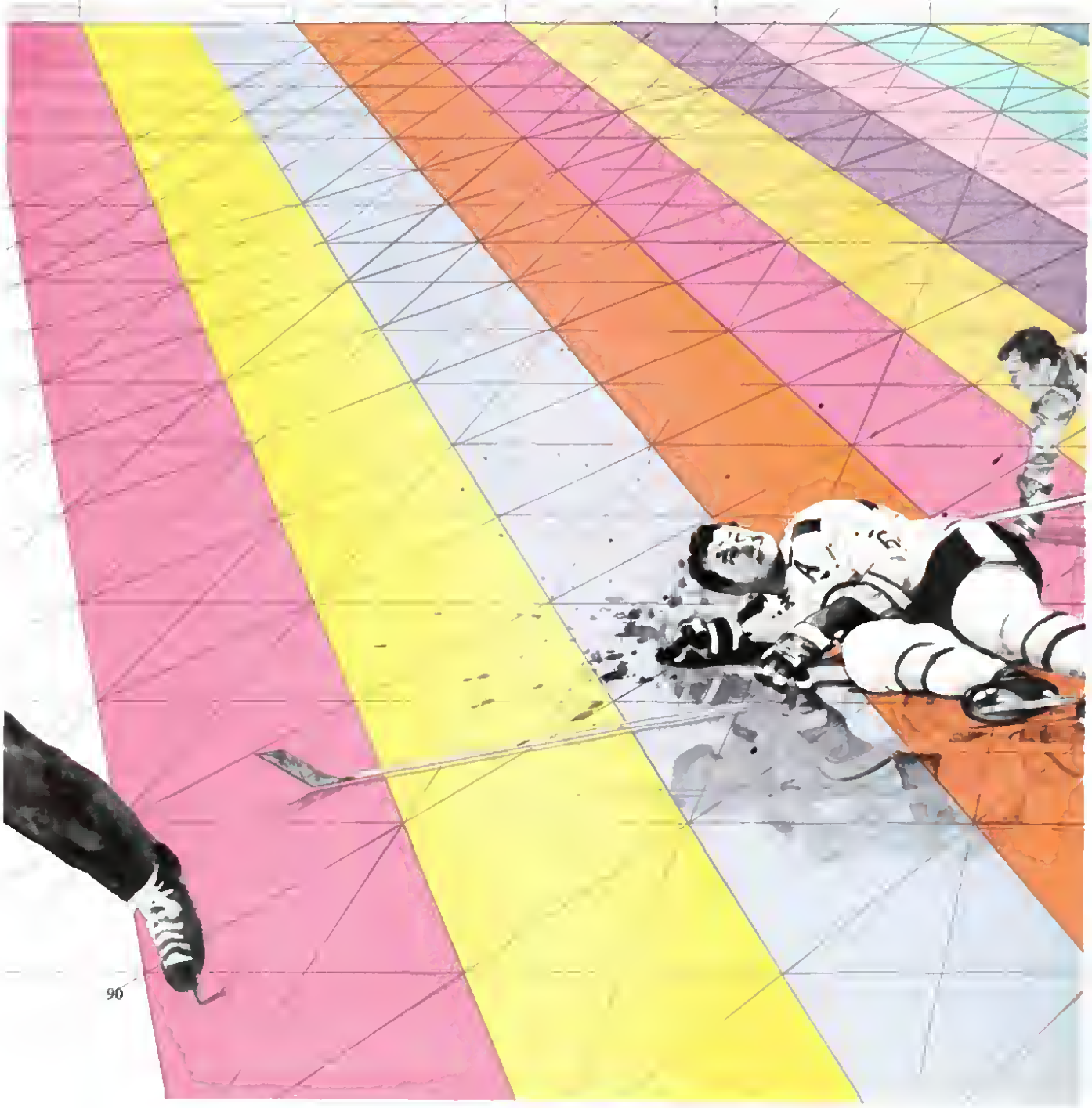


RITES

by TED GREEN
with AL HIRSHBERG

CONTINUED

December 2, 1970. As I skated out to my right defense position for the Boston Bruins in Chicago Stadium, I was thinking: I wonder if this game will be better? Here we are, halfway through the season, halfway through another game, and I still don't want to be here. I don't like the nervous feeling I get when I go on the ice. I don't like thinking the way I'm thinking or the way my hands sweat and my knees shake. I don't like not being able to do the job as I want to do it. My doctors and teammates tell me to forget these things—just think about playing hockey. It's so easy for them to say, so hard for me to do. I can't forget that easily.

I look over at my defense partner, Don Awrey. We have gone out to relieve Dallas Smith and Bobby Orr, a tough act to follow. Who can do the things Orr can do? I couldn't have done them even before Wayne Maki of the St. Louis Blues nearly killed me in September 1969. And now—

Now? So many nows. Every game a question mark. I could imagine what the hockey crowds were thinking: he makes mistakes he never made before. He won't fight. He wears a helmet. Whoever thought Terrible Teddy Green would need protection on his head—or anywhere else? Or want it?

Terrible Teddy Green. The tough guy of the National Hockey League. That was the reputation I had before Maki bashed in my skull with his stick during an exhibition game in Ottawa. I didn't like the name or the reputation. I played hockey hard and I hit because it was my job to hit. In my younger days maybe I went out of my way to find a fight, but not later. Two, three years before Maki hit me I had stopped being Terrible Teddy Green. I held my ground, I battled for puck control, I hit back when I got hit. But that was to protect my part of the ice, my goalie, my partner and myself.

And when I had the puck, I bulled my way down the ice with it, passing and taking passes, fighting across the blue line and through opposing defensemen. And I was respected. Leave Ted Green alone and you'll be O.K. Just don't start anything with him, not unless you want trouble.

That's the way it had been, but not now. Physically, I was in as good shape as ever, maybe a little better. But an awful feeling of inadequacy had possessed me. I wasn't afraid, just unsure of myself. That doubt was killing me, killing my game, making me wonder what I was doing out on the ice.

I remembered a game we lost to Oakland a few weeks before. I lost that game. It was tied 1–1 in the third period when one of the Seals dumped the puck in on my side. Ordinarily this would have been no problem. I might have started up ice with it. Or, if a man were right on me and Awrey was free, I might have passed it across to Don. Or, if I got really tangled up with my opponent, I might have battled him to the boards to freeze the puck and force a face-off.

I didn't do any of these things. In fact, I'm not sure what I did. All I know is that one minute I had control of the puck and the next minute I didn't. One of the Seals just swooped down, stole it right from under me, and with nobody

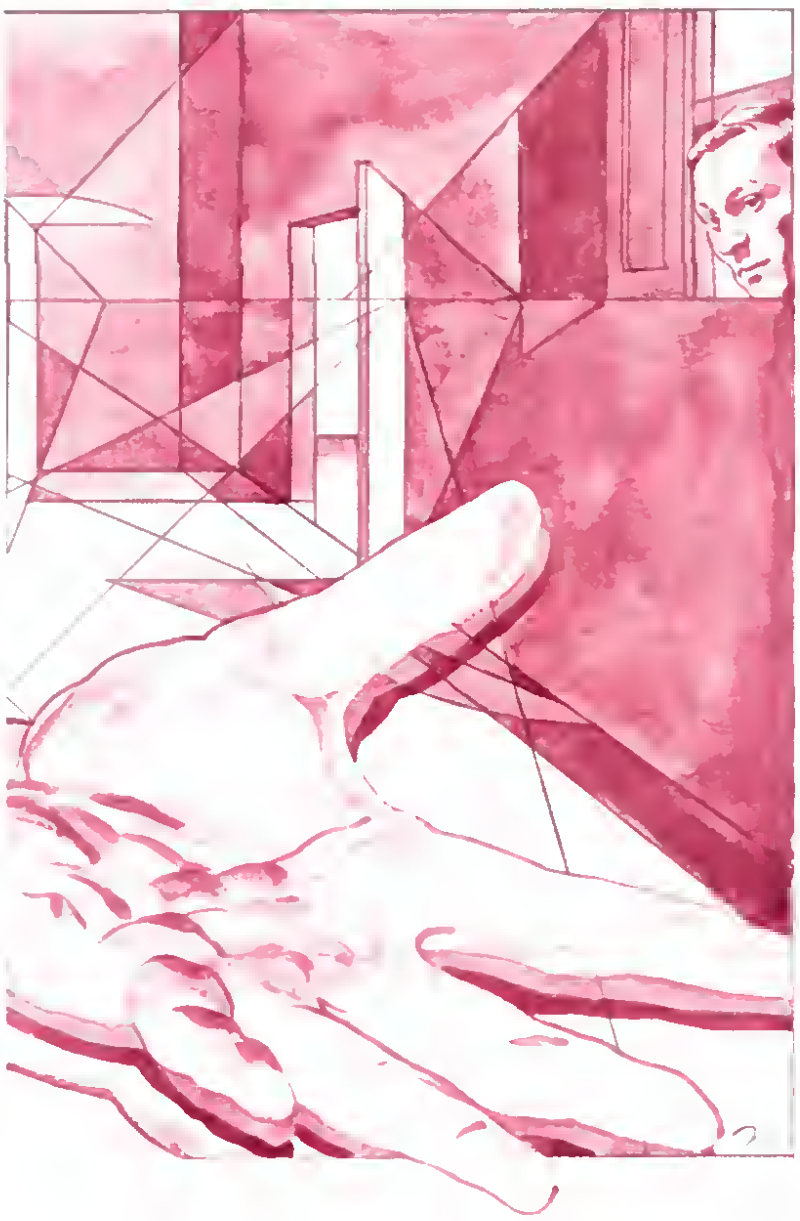
Copyright 1971 by Al Hirshberg and Ted Green, from the forthcoming book "High Stick," to be published by Dodd, Mead.

in front of the net but our goalie, Gerry Cheevers, slammed it home for a 2–1 win for them. Cheevers didn't have a chance.

If I were the coach, I would have yanked me out right away. But Tom Johnson, a former defense partner of mine on the Bruins, kept me in for a few more minutes to save further embarrassment. Johnson, who treated me with understanding and consideration almost all year, didn't fool me or the crowd, either. My mistake was obvious to everyone at Boston Garden. I was all alone out there, holding the puck on my stick and obviously in control of it. When I lost control, a spectator had to be blind or looking the other way to miss it.

Maybe I was imagining things, but I could hear the crowd murmuring that night, too: Teddy Green hasn't got it anymore.

As I skated out on the ice in Chicago, memories of that Oakland loss and of all those early games flashed through my mind. Obvious mistakes, not always as costly but just as obvious: passing the puck to an opponent, letting it slip away when it was right on my stick, losing it on the boards after I had beaten my man to it, not freezing it solidly enough for a face-off, getting in the way of the goalie instead of protecting him, failing to carry the puck because I didn't trust myself to keep it.



And not fighting. Despite my reputation, I hadn't been looking for fights even before I was hurt; I just never ran away from them. Now I was avoiding them, backtracking if one seemed to be coming my way. If I was lucky, I could divert a man into the corner, but I didn't fight him, didn't battle, didn't try to crash him into the boards, didn't swing at him, grab him or do anything to get the puck away from him. The word was getting around the league: go down Green's side. He won't hit and he can't hurt.

Worse were those other words going through the league: don't go after Green. Don't try to hurt him. He's been hurt enough. Pity. Compassion. Sympathy. I didn't want that. I wanted to earn my way back.

The brain damage had all been on the right side of my head, which controls nerves on the left side—and I'm left-handed. While recovering I could skate, handle a stick and carry a puck before I could write my name. When I was Terrible Teddy Green and even after that they all tried to stay away from my left side. I hit with my left hip or my left shoulder, I punched with my left hand. My left side was my strong side. And now, as guys came down the ice, they knew I couldn't—or wouldn't—use it.

I could not understand why. The doctor had assured me my left side was as strong as ever, the plastic coating over the hole in my head sturdier than the bone it had replaced. And yet I was gunshy. Before every game I gave myself fight talks: Hit, hit with your left. Fight, punch with your left. Check, check on your left. Then I got into games, and I flinched. It bothered the hell out of me. And it was bothering me when I moved that night in Chicago into the spot Orr had played.

There was another problem, an odd one. The Bruins were so much the class of the league that they often ran away with a game, sometimes winning by three or four goals. That made it doubly hard for me to get fired up. The close games were the kind I needed. But because we

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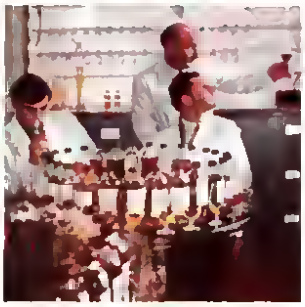

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were so strong I got more ice time than I would have on a losing club. And by using me as much as he did, Tom Johnson was giving me the time I so badly needed to regain my form.

Since Tom and I understood each other, there were rarely any problems between us. We had a lot in common. While we were defense mates, Tom, who for 15 years was an NHL stickout, first with the Montreal Canadiens and then with us, was knocked out of hockey by Wayne Maki's brother, Chico, who has been with the Hawks all through his career. It was entirely accidental but when Chico snicked Tom in the back of the legs with his skates and severed a nerve, that was the end of Tom's career.

My own feeling about Wayne Maki was zero. He was with Vancouver last season, and every time we played the Canucks people wondered what would happen if Maki and I collided. We didn't. If he hadn't stayed away from me, I'd have stayed away from him. I wanted—and want—no part of that guy. He's apparently a little reckless with his stick, because even after he cooled me with it he couldn't control his urge to use it on people.

Don't get me wrong—I'm not afraid of Maki. I just don't want to have anything to do with him. Maybe he feels the same way. The few times we were on the ice together we hardly ever went near each other. Frankly, if I saw him coming at me, I'd go the other way. Maybe I'm afraid of myself, of what I might do to the guy.

In all those early games I was thinking too much. The moves used to be natural, a part of me. I didn't have to think *I'm going to hit this guy*. I just hit him. I didn't have to think *I'm going to block the puck*. I just blocked it. Now everything was mental. It was a problem I had to lick. If I didn't, it would lick me. After enduring all I had gone through to get into shape to return to the NHL, I couldn't let overthinking get the better of me. Something had to happen to get all the gremlins out and make me the Teddy Green I wanted to be again.

Suddenly in Chicago I was in the middle of a rough game, with a lot of pushing and elbowing and scrambling—one of those games you know will blow skyhigh sooner or later. We were about halfway through the second period when Don Awrey got into a fight with one of the Black Hawk players. I skated over to give him a hand. I definitely wasn't looking for a fight—all I wanted to do was break up this one. As I approached the two guys battling near the boards on the left side of our defensive zone, Dan Maloney, a 20-year-old Chicago rookie who stands 6'2" and weighs about 200 pounds, grabbed Awrey from behind and started punching him.

That Don had been covering for me all year, probably doing more for me than anyone else on the ice because he was my partner, was not nearly as important to me as the fact he was a teammate in trouble. He needed help, and you help a teammate any time you can. That's the code of our business.

My original reason for going over to where Awrey was fighting was to help him, and maybe Maloney's reason for hitting him was to help a Chicago player. When I got there Maloney had already hit Awrey and was trying to hold him from behind. By then all I wanted to do was get Maloney—get the kid off Awrey's back so Don could keep swinging or at least protect himself. I dropped my stick and gloves and started hauling Maloney off Awrey. As I pinned his arms and pulled him away, Maloney said, "Let go, I'm not going to hit you."

I wasn't going to fall for that without being ready to protect myself—in fact, I didn't want to fight at all because I still wasn't sure of myself. But since he was now clear of Awrey, I let him go—and he threw a punch at me. I ducked, and his punch went over my shoulder and by my head. My helmet slipped down over my face, scratching my nose, and I blew up. While I yanked at the helmet, Maloney tried to punch me again, and again he missed. By the time I was rid of that damn helmet instinct took over and I could swing freely. I did it naturally—left-handed. I nailed him with four good lefts in a row, hitting him so hard that he started sliding down the boards onto the ice. Somebody had to pull me off before I stopped swinging. The way I was hitting the kid, I'd have knocked him cold. As it was, I dazed him, and he had to go to the dressing room when most of us drew penalties.

I guess I wasn't even thinking as I picked up my gloves and stick and skated over to the penalty box. But I know I felt a sudden warmth, the comfort that comes when something very good happens. I was grinning, almost laughing, as I served my time in the penalty box. And I grinned still more after getting out and going over to our bench, where the guys were yelling and laughing and throwing friendly punches at me.

Not until then did I realize the little finger on my left hand hurt like hell. This was curious, because one of the effects of my skull fracture had been paralysis of my left side, including my arm and, with it, numbness in my hand and fingers. Actually, even that long after the injury, I couldn't write easily or clearly, and—as is still the case—I had no feeling in the tips of the fingers of my left hand. I looked down and saw the little finger was crooked. I tried to move it and almost yelled with pain.

Then I smiled—smiled like a crazy man. I thought *God, I broke my finger throwing punches! Imagine, I belted him so hard I broke my finger—and on my left hand!* I studied my hand again. Except for the little finger, it was fine. I found Frosty Foristall, our assistant trainer, and eased over to him.

"My finger's sore," I said. "I've got to keep playing tonight, so fix it up."

"It looks broken," Frosty said.

"It probably is," I said. "Do something."

Frosty quickly made a little mold for a temporary splint, while I thought *I can use my left! I can use my left! I can use my left!* The words rang in my mind as Frosty worked fast; I don't think I missed a turn on the ice. When Tom Johnson gave the word, I jumped the boards with Awrey, ready for anything.

I played the rest of the game with that broken finger, and not only did I not worry about what might happen, I played exceptionally well. Nothing much did happen, really. The Hawks had learned something, too, and they left me alone. When the puck came into my zone, nobody came barreling hard after it the way everyone had before. Nobody wanted to tangle with me or start a fight or try to belt me around. I thought *They're not afraid of hurting me anymore. They're afraid of me hurting them.*

We lost the game, which didn't make me happy, but my heart was singing when it was over. They could call me Terrible Teddy Green all they wanted to now. It was just an incident, but what an incident! It taught me to feel what everyone, including the doctors who checked me from time to time, had been

continued

telling me right along: my left side was strong, I could expose it to anything I had ever exposed it to before, and it would hold up.

In the locker room later Frosty and Dan Canney, our head trainer, made a removable metal splint, while guys came in and out, joking and patting my back and saying things like, "what the hell's a broken finger?" Despite the loss, they were happy for me. They knew I had found something I'd been looking for all year—myself, the old Teddy Green.

September 21, 1969. Ottawa, clean and beautiful, glistened beneath a warm sun that Sunday morning. It was a lovely day, a lovely town, a lovely place to be. It was good to be alive, to go to Mass and give thanks to God for my wife and children and parents, and for the talent to play hockey which He had blessed me with.

I strolled with Turk Sanderson past the Chateau Laurier Hotel and through the greenery of Parliament Park, its old, impressive government buildings towering over acres of grass extending the seven or eight blocks between the Chateau and the Ottawa General Hospital. The grounds looked like a huge, flat, marvelously well-kept golf course that was all fairway and no greens. Although this was my eighth season with the Bruins and my 11th in professional hockey, I had never seen Ottawa, which is slightly off the beaten paths between NHL cities and is almost 300 miles from our training camp in London, Ontario.

I don't remember much of the conversation with Turk, except that I remarked how foolish it was to go all-out in training or any of the preseason exhibition games we played, and that I didn't intend to do so. We were in Ottawa for a game that night with the St. Louis Blues, who trained there. The preceding night we had played an exhibition with the Canadiens in Montreal. I never liked exhibition games because of the chances of getting hurt before the regular season. What with injuries or contract disputes, I doubt if I had played more than half a dozen exhibition games the previous five years. I kept myself in condition during the off season at my home in St. Boniface, just outside Winnipeg. The only reason I cared about training at all after I made the club was to get into skating shape, which never took more than a few weeks.

I had played in the Montreal game and was to play again that night against the Blues. I wasn't happy about it and told Sanderson so, but I needed the work; I had reported late to training camp. I remember being very pleased because, after a summer of doubt and some hassling over my contract, everything had just been settled. Only a few days before, Charlie Mulcahy, the Bruins' lawyer, and I had reached an agreement. I'd had a great year the season before—I made the second NHL All-Star team and now I was getting a new three-year contract at a nice raise. The only reason I hadn't actually signed was that a few clauses were being changed on paper in Boston. All I had was a handshake, but with the Bruins that was all I needed. The signing would come in due time.

After meandering through the park for an hour or so, Turk and I went back to the hotel. I loafed around with the guys, ate and slept a little before going with the team to the arena in the city's new Civic Center. We arrived a couple of hours before the game, our usual procedure, and horsed around in the locker room before changing into uniform. There is this thing on the club about me looking Jewish, and every once in a while the guys call me "Abie." This is one of the ways we all loosen up—yelling foolish names at each other. Anyway, somebody said this was a Jewish holiday and asked me if I was going to play that night. If Sandy Koufax could take a Jewish holiday off, why couldn't I? While the guys were kidding me, Milt Schmidt, our general manager walked into the dressing room. When I saw him, I handed him my skates and said, "I can't play tonight."

"What the hell's wrong with you?" he said.

"It's a Jewish holiday."

It broke up the locker room. The guys were still laughing when we went out for our pregame workout. The place was full. I didn't pay much attention to the Blues. They had players I knew, and a lot I didn't. As on most expansion clubs, there was a flock of rookies. Those kids are usually the ones to watch because they play harder than veterans in exhibition games. Fighting for jobs, they have to make an impression or they get lost in the shuffle.

The first 12 minutes of the game went by without much happening. There was no checking, no scoring, no fighting, no nothing. Around the 12th or 13th minute, while I was guarding the right side of our defensive zone, somebody shot the puck over our blue line and followed it in. I didn't even notice who it was—to me it was just a blue uniform. Later I discovered it was Wayne Maki, a left wing, but I didn't know that then. He had been with the Black Hawks and he was one of the kids fighting for a regular job with the Blues. The only time I had ever played against him had been when he took one turn on the ice against us while he was a Hawk. I wasn't particularly concerned about him.

As I trapped the puck behind the net the kid hit me from behind, and I got a little ticked off, as I always do when that happens. But my first obligation was to clear the puck. I kicked it with my skate up to my stick and shot it out around the boards to our right wing. Then I turned to take care of the guy who hit me. By that time we had both moved in front and a little to the left of our net. I reached out with my gloved left hand and shoved Maki in the face. He went down by the side of the net. Figuring that was the end of that, I turned away, but then Maki speared me. Spearing, which is shoving the blade of your stick into a guy, is a filthy trick, because if you get him in an unprotected spot he can be badly hurt. That and butt-ending (hitting an opponent with the butt of your stick) are dangerous.

Where at first I had just been annoyed, now I was sore as hell, and I hit Maki with my stick just below the shoulder at the biceps, knocking him off balance and, I think, down on one knee. I say "*I think*" because I am *really* not sure, and I wouldn't know at all what happened next except from pictures and from what I was told. Seeing Maki on the ice is the last clear memory I have. My last thought was *Well, I guess that'll straighten him out*, and again I turned to skate away.

The next thing I knew, I was lying on my stomach with my head turning violently. I remember trying to stop it from moving, but I couldn't because I had no control over it. It was whipping back and forth, and everything else that followed is vague in my memory—little snatches of action, dim pictures of guys around me. I didn't know what hit me, didn't remember anything hitting me, didn't feel a thing—no pain, nothing ex-

continued

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cept this violent head movement that I couldn't stop.

I don't remember going down and I don't remember getting up. Everything was hazy because my eyes were full of water and things were very, very blurry. I still felt no pain, didn't see or feel any blood. I was just in a complete fog, terribly dazed and yelling something—I don't know what. And I remember that nothing came out clearly; I couldn't control my speech. I saw a haze of players, but the only one I remember was Bobby Orr, who had been on the bench and was now on the ice. Dan Canney and somebody else (I found out later it was Phil Esposito) were trying to lead me off the ice, but I tried to push them away. I don't remember how I got off, who led me, where I went, what I did. And I didn't know what had happened, where I had been hit, what I had been hit with, how badly I was hurt. It was the only time in my career I ever got hit without seeing the blow coming—the only time I turned away thinking a fight was over when it wasn't.

"I saw the two guys pushing each other around, but I didn't think anything of it," Canney said later. "That sort of thing happens all the time in a game. I turned away for a second, then turned back just in time to see Maki hit Ted with his stick. Bobby Orr, sitting in front of me, jumped the boards, saying something about going after Maki. I followed him because I knew Ted was badly hurt. He went down with his knees buckling, and then his head kept thrashing around. Even as I was jumping the boards, I could see his eyes glazed and staring oddly. I got to him as fast as I could, but I was still 20 feet away when he stood up under his own power. Phil was holding him by the arm and Ted was mumbling almost incoherently. The only blood I saw was from a small cut on the right side of his scalp.

" 'Canney,' he muttered thickly, 'I'm gonna get that guy.'

" 'Come on, Teddy, you're cut,' I said. 'Let's go in and get you fixed up. Bobby's taking care of Maki. You'll get a shot at him later.'

"He kept muttering, his speech so garbled I thought he had broken his jaw. The head wound seemed slight, but I knew Ted was in serious trouble. When I tried to grab him, he pulled away from me, so I took him by the seat of the pants, and, with Phil holding him on the other side, we finally got him off the ice."

"My first thought was to get Maki," Orr said, "but by the time I got across the ice, he was swinging his stick while the Blues were trying to get him out of there. Then I went over to Teddy, who was stumbling around on his feet. I had no idea how badly hurt he was. I just said, 'Take it easy,' and stood and watched Dan and Phil lead him off."

"I was at the red line, right at center ice, when the fight started," Esposito recalled. "They were sparring over in the corner near the Bruins' goal when Maki went down on one knee. He got right up and hit Greenie over the head with the hardest part of his stick—at the bend where the shaft joins the blade. Greenie was down when I reached him, and he looked awful. When he got up his voice was fuzzy and he kept saying something like, 'I'm gonna get that sonofabitch. I'll kill him—I'll kill him.' His eyes were glassy, and spit or something was coming out of his mouth, which was all twisted on the left side. He looked so bad I was scared to death. I took him by the left side, and when Dan came he tried to take his right. But Greenie kept pulling away from him and telling us to leave him alone so he could get Maki. Canney was saying, 'It's all right, Teddy—it's all right,' but we both knew damn well it wasn't all right. We finally got Greenie off. I just went as far as the boards, and Dan took him from there.

"When I started back, Maki was taking wild swipes with his stick to keep us away from him. I don't blame him for being scared. I guess he thought we really would kill him. We were all trying to get at him until the Blues pulled him off the ice. Later I was thrown out for heckling the referee. I told him he was calling a lousy game and should have stopped the fight. I guess I called him a few names, and he gave me a 10-minute misconduct. I didn't give a damn. All I could think of was that funny look in Greenie's eyes, and the funny way he was talking."

"After Maki knocked Green down, I thought the whole Bruins team would go nuts," said Howard Darwin, owner of Ottawa's junior hockey team, the 67s, who saw the game. "They poured off their bench heading for Maki, but somebody hustled him into one of the rooms. He got dressed and later I saw him watching the game in street clothes from upstairs."

I don't remember leaving the ice or how I got into one of the rooms beneath the arena stands. I have a vague recollection of sitting on a table trying to get my eyes to focus properly. There were a lot of people milling around, but few I recognized. One was Frosty Foristall, who seemed very agitated about something, and I think Eddie Johnston was in the room. I don't remember seeing Canney. Still dazed, my eyes watery, my speech almost unintelligible, I wondered what all the excitement was about, because in those few minutes I really didn't think I was badly hurt. I kept grabbing Foristall's jacket and mumbling at him, but I don't know what I said. When I heard somebody mention a stretcher and an ambulance, I tried to yell, but the words didn't come out right. My tongue seemed all twisted up. A couple of doctors were there, and one told me to lie down so he could put a stitch in my scalp. When I did, it suddenly felt very, very good. The doctor worked on me for only a few seconds. Then I heard Frosty (or maybe it was Canney) screaming, apparently in an argument with somebody. I didn't know. I didn't care, I just lay there, kind of comfortable, wishing everybody would go away and leave me alone.

I remember somebody grabbing me and taking off my skates, pads and shirt, but the rest of my equipment—pants, underclothing, shoulder pads, jockstrap—all stayed on. The next thing I knew I was being moved, and I guess people thought I was unconscious, but I wasn't. My left hand felt tingly, and I remember a lot of faces, none of which I recognized.

After they lifted me into an ambulance, my hand seemed worse. The tingly feeling changed to numbness. Frosty was with me, but I don't recall if we talked or anything except being wheeled along a corridor, with walls, ceiling and people speeding by because they were wheeling me so fast. I was taken into a brightly lit room and put on a table, where nurses and guys trying to take off the rest of my clothes all seemed jumbled together.

Now my head was beginning to hurt badly, and I was getting mad at everybody for trying to strip me without dam-

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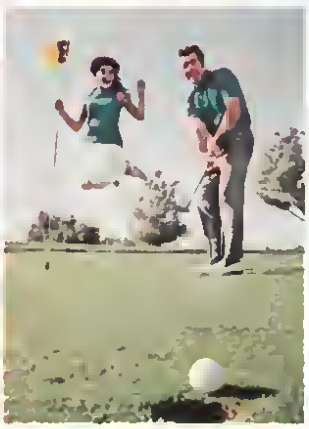

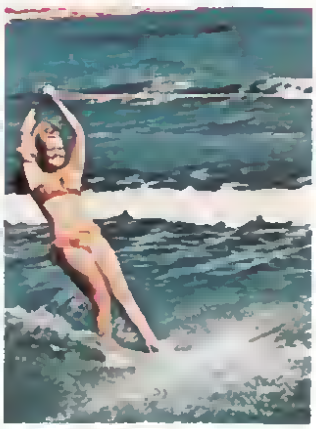

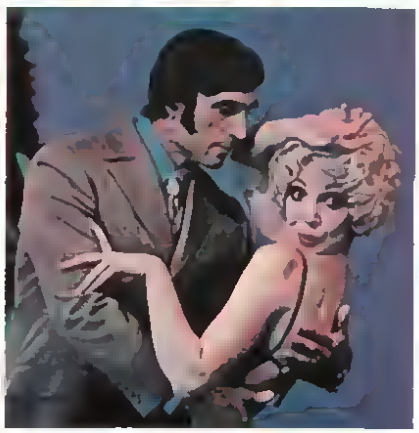

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aging any of my equipment. This was ridiculous, because we rip that stuff off all the time when we have to—what's the sense of trying to save a jock? I was trying to tell the nurse to cut everything off. My head was hurting and I wanted somebody to do something about it. The nurse didn't pay any attention, but kept trying to take that junk off as if it were a ballet skirt. Maybe she couldn't make out what I was saying. Or perhaps she didn't understand English, since this was a predominantly French hospital. Anyhow, somebody else came along and finally cut off the stuff and covered me up.

I must have passed out for a few minutes, because the next thing I remember was asking for the last rites of the church, and I remember the priest coming in. It was the first time I had ever asked for last rites, and I didn't know what to say and couldn't have made myself understood if I had known. He told me not to try to talk, and he touched my forehead and said something I couldn't understand. He asked me questions, but I don't remember what they were—or maybe he asked me before he told me not to talk. It's all mixed up in my mind, except I must have finally realized that I was badly hurt.

Off and on, I remember crying. It was almost a reflex. I cried when I couldn't feel anything in my left hand and when I couldn't control the left side of my face. I cried because my head hurt, and I cried because I didn't know if I was going to die when I wanted so badly to live, and I cried when I thought of my wife Pat and my kids and my parents and my brothers.

"I was a little surprised when Mr. Green asked for the last rites," Fr. Jean-Paul Hupé, the hospital's head chaplain, said some time afterward. "Although I have given rites to people of all faiths, they are mostly Catholics. Mr. Green was entered as a Protestant, which I thought he was, until he told me he was a Catholic. Actually, he didn't get the last rites. That is what people used to call them, but now the last rites are given only after death. The sacrament we once called the last rites is really a prayer for the sick, and that is what I gave Mr. Green."

Dr. Michael Richard, a prominent young neurosurgeon, operated. He discovered a cut on the brain and several bone fragments that had been driven into it. It took him 2½ hours to clean things up. When I awoke I felt no particular pain, but my speech was garbled and there was considerable paralysis in my left arm. In the next few days my condition improved rapidly. The paralysis dwindled to the point where it was only noticeable in the left hand. I was able to sit up in bed and walk a little.

Despite my condition, we had a few laughs that first week in the hospital. There was a note from Larry Mann, a friend who is a television character actor in Los Angeles. It wasn't a letter, just a newspaper clipping headlined, GREEN HAS 2½-HOUR OPERATION, beneath which Mann had scribbled, "Dear Ted. Sorry to hear about your accident, but I know it can't be serious because I've known you long enough to realize that you haven't got a brain in your head." My wife didn't think it at all funny, although it tickled me.

Eddie Johnston phoned Pat daily to see how I was doing. When they finally let me talk to him, I got so emotional tears came to my eyes, and my speech, confused enough anyway, got worse. Eddie pulled me out of it very quickly by saying, "Hey, Dum-Dum, how do you expect me to understand you when you talk like that?" That may sound cruel, but, as Eddie says, maybe it's a way of softening the blow. Or of making an injured guy feel better. Or of keeping our sanity.

Then one night I woke up doing one hell of a dance in bed. My whole body was shaking and my head hurt something awful. What had happened was that I had hemorrhaged and gone into convulsions. There was pressure on the brain that had to be eased at once. As I went into the operating room my left side was completely paralyzed. Dr. Richard had to reopen the scalp and drain the blood off the brain. Where before he had felt I would be able to leave the hospital in a day or two, entirely free of paralysis, now he believed I would never be able to play hockey again.

My impressions of the days following the second operation are a mad jumble. I do remember my throat being very sore, being terribly sick to my stomach, my leg dragging when I walked—although I did not remember getting in and out of bed—and crying a good deal. And I remember thinking I was going to die. Or maybe hoping I would, be-

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cause I thought I might be no more than a vegetable.

For a week or so, I am told, it was touch and go. There was danger of more bleeding. There was the possibility of still another operation—one the doctors did not want to perform unless it was necessary to save my life, because without it there would be less chance of permanent disability. And then suddenly I began to improve. Once I pulled out of the critical period, I improved pretty fast. Soon I was walking up and down the corridor. My foot dragged a little, but it was getting better all the time. My arm continued to feel like a dead weight, but I refused to believe it would not come back.

My physiotherapist, Mrs. Winifred Platt, was warm and understanding. She explained that you have many brain cells controlling the same part of the body, some of which are dormant and never used. When the active cells are destroyed, you have to develop these dormant cells. And unless they, too, are damaged, they can take over for the cells you have lost. "You must concentrate on putting those cells to use," she said.

So I lay in bed and concentrated on my shoulder. As the part affected last, it should be the first to come back. I had never before gone into such deep concentration, blocking everything else out of my mind. I lay there and thought *Brain to shoulder... brain to shoulder... brain to shoulder.* About six o'clock one morning, unable to sleep, I lost myself in concentration on the shoulder. I lifted my limp left arm with my good right hand and moved it straight up over my head. When I then tried to move the left arm, the strangest feeling came over me, and I thought *It's going to work!* And, sure enough, my whole arm, propelled by my shoulder, actually moved all by itself about three inches. At that I cried like a baby. I yelled for the nurse. That afternoon I showed Pat what I could do. "If I can do that," I told her, "I can do anything."

Next my fingers came back, and even my left thumb, which had been the worst before the hemorrhage. The first time I got a flicker of movement out of it Pat was in the room; the two of us jumped around like maniacs.

After that things went pretty well. I felt better all the time. The day before Pat and I went home to Winnipeg, Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, came to Ottawa to conduct an investigation. I didn't know it at the time, but the Crown was already preparing a case against Maki and me, charging us both with assault with attempt to injure. I guess it was an unprecedented action, because the only cases involving professional hockey games had been civil actions between players and fans. This was the first time two players were accused in a criminal action arising from something in a game. I understood very few of the ramifications, and to this day I'm not sure exactly what they were or precisely why the authorities had singled out Maki and me for prosecution. Our hassle had been a typical hockey fight. The only thing that distinguished it from many others was I had been badly hurt.

Mr. Campbell's hearing was held in the offices of Edward S. Houston, an Ottawa lawyer the Bruins had engaged to represent me. Mr. Campbell had asked that all the principals be present. The first time I saw Maki after the fight was in Houston's office. I wasn't embarrassed, but I think he was, or maybe just sorry. He saw me paralyzed and bald-headed, with a big ugly scar, my left arm in a sling, my face over to one side, and my speech still garbled. We didn't talk much. Just shook hands and exchanged "Hi's" or something.

Eventually, in separate trials, Maki and I were each acquitted. Mr. Campbell suspended both of us without pay, myself for 13 games and Maki for 30 days. Mr. Campbell said he was satisfied on two points: first, that Maki had speared me, but also that "Maki's blow ricocheted off Green's stick before it hit Green on the head, causing his injury." While I remember nothing about being hit, everything I've been told points to the certainty that Maki hit me squarely. I doubt I would have been as severely hurt if his stick had ricocheted off mine. Anyway, I could have done very nicely without that hearing. The next day Pat and I flew home.

•

Green played out the 1970-71 season as a Bruin regular. Having pulled abdominal muscles in an exhibition game, he was unable to play this season until last week. Obviously he had not recaptured the skills that once made him an All-Star defenseman. Whether he will do so is problematical.—ED.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 2-Nov. 8

BASKETBALL—NBA Milwaukee pushed its lead in the Midwest Division to three games over Chicago with three more wins, including a come-from-behind 104–102 victory over the Bulls, as Kareem Jabbar, the league's leading scorer, totaled 97 points *(page 24)*. Boston slipped into the East lead, half a game ahead of Philadelphia, by winning two while the 76ers split two. The Celtics beat Detroit 103–102 on John Havlicek's 40-foot heave at the buzzer, and Portland 124–109 as Havlicek and reserve Art Williams combined for 59 points. Cazzie Russell, who rarely started in five seasons with New York, has become a star for Golden State. He scored 32 points in a 109–105 win over Los Angeles, 43 in a 106–91 win over Baltimore and then led the Warriors to the Pacific lead with a 10-foot jump shot in the last five seconds to beat Seattle 98–96. The Lakers, however, whacked the Warriors 105–89 in a return game and climbed into a share of first place with the Supersonics as Golden State dropped to third, half a game out. Cincinnati broke a six-game losing streak with two victories and took over first in the Central Division with a 3-6 record.

ABA Pittsburgh, which has had one league title, two locations, three names, seven coaches and enough players in its five seasons to overflow the Ohio, the Allegheny and the Monongahela, underwent yet another change when Coach Jack McMahon was replaced. General Manager Mark Binstein took over the team, and the Condors immediately defeated defending champion Utah 135–129 as John Brisker scored 37 points. Virginia won three of four to remain on top of the East Division, but Forward Dan Issel led Kentucky to four wins in five games as the Colonels moved from third to second, only *half a game out. After a 107–103 loss to New York*, in which Issel scored 42 points, he tossed in 39 for a 123–109 win over Memphis, 33 as the Colonels beat the Floridians 118–111, 39 in a 115–110 defeat of Indiana and 36 more in a 102–97 victory over the Nets as rookie Center Artis Gilmore had 22 rebounds. Florida won one of three to drop from second to fourth. Indiana won only one of five, and its lead over Utah in the West was cut from two games to half a game. The Pacers' disastrous week started with a 125–108 loss to Dallas. In its only win, Indiana beat Carolina 137–116 despite rookie Jim McDaniels' 45 points. Then, in successive nights, the Pacers lost to Memphis, Kentucky and Utah. The week was not a total loss for Indiana, since Forward Roger Brown won a seat in the Indianapolis city council.

BOWLING—BARRY ASHER beat Don McCune 9,950–9,688 in the round-robin finals of the $50,000 American Airlines Open in St. Louis.

FOOTBALL—National Conference. Late scores won three games by three points apiece and tied another in the eighth week of the season. GREEN BAY upset Chicago 17–14 when Lou Michaels kicked a 22-yard field goal with 59 seconds to go. Rookie John Brockington gained 142 yards in 30 carries and scored one touchdown for the Packers, who tied Detroit 14–14 in the Monday night TV game. Tony Fritsch's 26-yard field goal with 1:53 remaining gave DALLAS a 16–13 win over St. Louis, while Dick Shiner's 46-yard touchdown pass to Art Malone with 66 seconds left lifted ATLANTA to a 9–6 victory over Cincinnati. East leader WASHINGTON tied Philadelphia 7–7 on Bill Kilmer's 32-yard pass to Clifton McNeil in the last five minutes. DETROIT came from behind with 17 points in the third quarter and then scored the winning touchdown when Greg Landry passed 76 yards to Earl McCullouch to defeat Denver 24–20. The victory moved the Lions within half a game of Central Division leader Minnesota, which lost to West leader SAN FRANCISCO 13–9 on John Brodie's fourth-period touchdown pass to Gene Washington. Rookie Charlie Evans scored three short-yardage touchdowns as the NEW YORK Giants surprised San Diego 35–17.

American Conference. Oakland held a 14–0 lead over New Orleans in the third period, when Saint Quarterback Edd Hargett, who had replaced the injured Archie Manning, directed three long (79, 70 and 77 yards) scoring drives to tie the Raiders 21–21. The tying touchdown came on a 10-yard pass from Hargett to Dave Parks with only eight seconds to go. Bobby Howfield kicked a 49-yard field goal late in the fourth quarter, his second of the game, to lift the NEW YORK Jets past Kansas City 13–10 and drop the Chiefs into second place in the West behind the Raiders. PITTSBURGH slipped into a share of the lead in the Central Division with Cleveland, both with 4-4 records, by beating the slumping Browns 26–9 as Roy Gerela booted four field goals. East leader MIAMI shut out winless Buffalo 34–0 on Bob Griese's two touchdown passes and a 45-yard touchdown run by Mercury Morris, who gained 116 yards in 13 carries as a substitute for the injured Jim Kiick. Two pass interceptions led to a pair of touchdowns by NEW ENGLAND in the last five minutes and enabled the Patriots to charge past Houston 28–20.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS fired a 14-under-par 274 to win the $28,000 Dunlop International in Sydney, Australia by seven strokes over Bruce Crampton of Australia and Peter Oosterhuis of Great Britain.

HARNESS RACING—ALBATROSS ($3.40), driven by Stanley Dancer, finished first for the 24th time in 27 starts this year with a four-length victory over Horton Hanover in the $50,000 Western at California's Hollywood Park.

HOCKEY—Montreal, led by Frank Mahovlich *(page 80)*, held second place in the East by one point over Boston, but both teams lost ground to first-place New York. The Rangers extended their unbeaten streak to 11 by a sweeping West Coast tour. They beat Los Angeles 7–1, California 8–1 and Vancouver 3–1 as the highest-scoring line in the NHL—Jean Ratelle, Rod Gilbert and Vic Hadfield—amassed eight goals and 12 assists to boost its point total to 66. Bob Nevin, acquired by Minnesota from the Rangers in an off-season trade, gave the North Stars a tie with Chicago for first place in the West by scoring a hat trick against St. Louis in a 5–1 win, while the Black Hawks were losing to the Canadiens 2–1. John Wilson took over as head coach at Detroit, and the last place Red Wings promptly dropped two games. St. Louis, with Coach Bill McCreary making his debut, lost three in a row.

HORSE RACING—NUMBERED ACCOUNT ($2.60), ridden by Braulio Baeza, won the $184,375 Gardenia Stakes at New Jersey's Garden State Park by 2¼ lengths over Susan's Girl for her eighth victory in nine starts.

New Zealand's SILVER KNIGHT won the 111th running of the Melbourne Cup at Flemington Race Course—Australia's premier race—by 1½ lengths over Igloo.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED. By NBC-TV and *World Championship Tennis, Inc.*, a series of eight tournaments to be televised live starting Feb. 20. The move is expected to strengthen WCT in its battle for control of the sport with the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

NAMED. As winner of the National League's Cy Young Award, FERGUSON JENKINS of the Chicago Cubs. The 28-year-old righthander had a 24-13 record, winning 20 games or more for the fifth consecutive season. He also led the league with 30 complete games (in 39 starts) and 325 innings pitched and had 263 strikeouts and a 2.77 earned-run average.

NAMED. EARL LLOYD, 43, as coach of the Detroit Pistons. A former NBA forward who averaged 8.1 points a game over eight seasons, Lloyd replaces Bill van Breda Kolff, who resigned three days earlier.

NAMED. As head football coach at Texas Christian University, Defensive Coordinator BILLY TOHILL, 32, to succeed Jim Pittman, who had died five days earlier.

RETIRED. ELGIN BAYLOR, 37, after nine games in his 14th season as forward with the Los Angeles Lakers because he felt he could no longer perform up to his expectations. Baylor, a University of Seattle All-America in 1958 and a perennial All-Star in the NBA, scored 23,149 points in 846 games for a 27.4 average and pulled down 11,463 rebounds. Only Wilt Chamberlain and Oscar Robertson have scored more points in the league, and only four other players have totaled more rebounds. Both of Baylor's knees had undergone extensive surgery in the past, and last season he was sidelined with a torn Achilles' tendon. Baylor will remain with the Lakers as a scout and as a public relations consultant.

DIED. SAD SAM (Toothpick) JONES, 45, a pitcher for six major league teams in the 1950s and early '60s; of cancer, in Morgantown, W. Va. Jones, who threw a no-hitter for the Chicago Cubs in 1955, had a 102-101 record for 12 seasons.

CREDITS

24—Heinz Kluetmeier. **25**—Fred Kaplan Black Star (2), UPI. **29**—Sheedy & Long. **30**—Sheedy & Long. Rich Clarkson. **32, 33**—John Pineda Miami Herald (3), Charles Trainor Miami News (2). **53**—Neil Leifer. **54, 55**—T. Tanuma, Jerry Cooke, Neil Leifer. **56, 57**—Neil Leifer. **59**—Jerry Cooke (3), **60**—Neil Leifer (3). **61**—Jerry Cooke, Neil Leifer (2). **62**—Jerry Cooke (2), Neil Leifer. **63**—Jerry Cooke (2), Neil Leifer. **64**—Neil Leifer. **71**—John Iacono. **80**—Tony Triolo. **84**—Neil Leifer. **104**—John D. Horton, Don Foster Nashville Banner, Erwin Gebhard Milwaukee Journal.

FACES IN THE CROWD

PATRICIA HANLON, 17, of Rockville Centre, N.Y., amassed an unprecedented 104 points for one season's competition and was selected Gymnast of the Year by the New York Metropolitan AAU. She is the New York all-round champion and Junior Olympic champion.

DANNY MORGAN, 13, kicked a 35-yard field goal to help the Charlotte (Tenn.) Lions beat New Johnsonville 23-8 in a Junior Pro Game. The 140-pound Morgan, who narrowly missed a 45-yard attempt earlier in the season, has been place-kicking two months.

HAROLD TINSLEY JR., 8, of Huntsville, Ala., set an unofficial national age-group mark in the three-mile run when he recorded a time of 19:06 at the Huntsville Track Club road race. His time was 57.4 seconds below the three-mile record for a race on a track.

RICH PARRINELLO, of the University of Rochester, broke the school scoring records of 31 touchdowns and 188 points set by his brother John 11 years ago with two touchdowns in a 37–21 loss to Trinity. He increased his own totals to 32 TDs and 194 points.

RENÉE BLOUNT, 14, of St. Louis, became the first participant in the 54-year history of the Missouri Valley tennis championships to win three different titles in three age groups the same year when she took the girls' 14 and 16 singles and 18 doubles titles.

HERB STECHAUNER, 40, of Milwaukee, whose previous bests were 279 for a game and 743 for a three-game series, bowled 300-212-300—812. It was the 12th time two perfect games were bowled during a league series in American Bowling Congress history.

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If you had seen him wandering the streets, his hair an uncombed forest, his clothes shabby and muddy, you would have crossed the street to avoid him.

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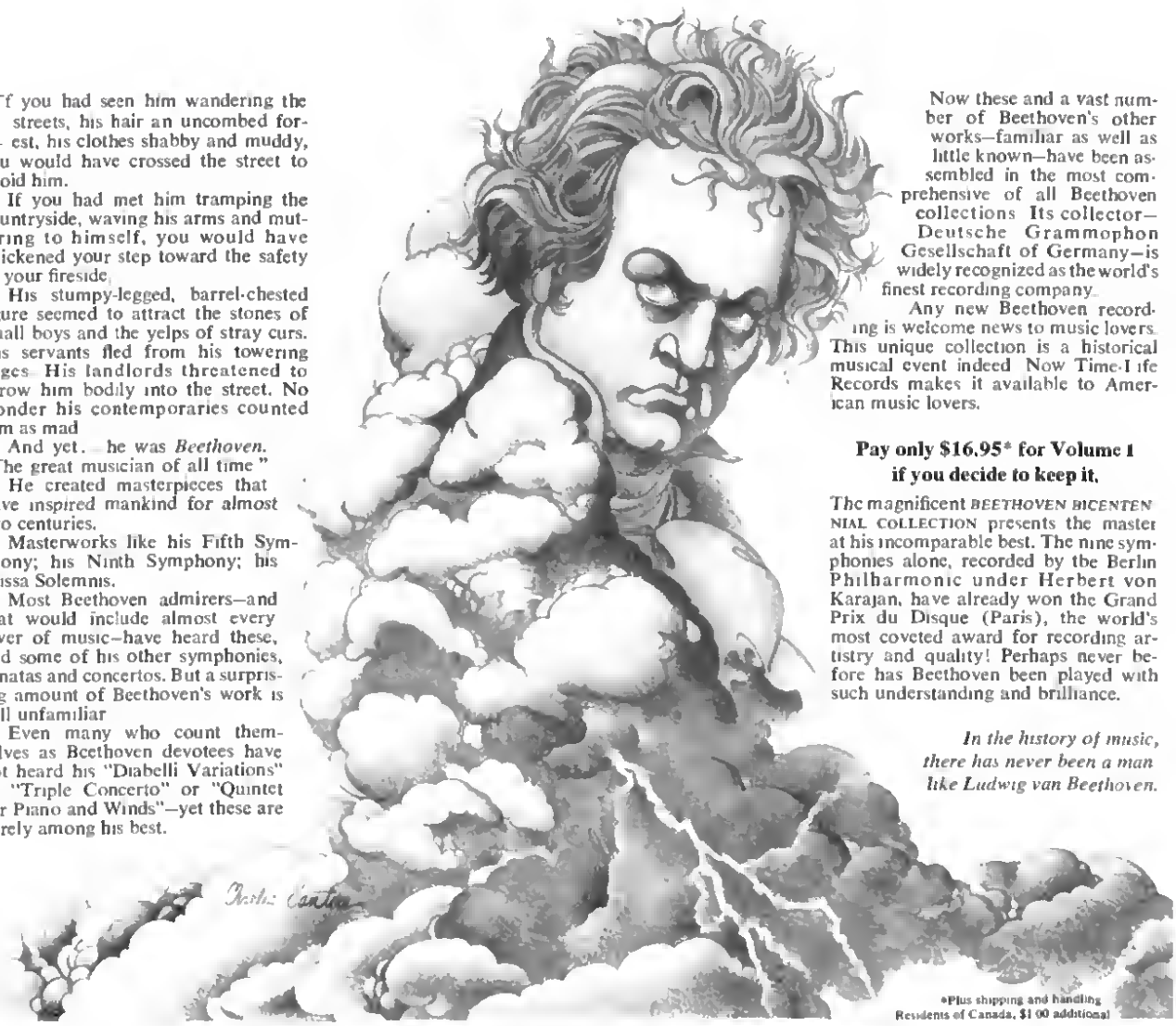
Even many who count themselves as Beethoven devotees have not heard his "Diabelli Variations" or "Triple Concerto" or "Quintet for Piano and Winds"—yet these are surely among his best.



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"Dante (is) the great Italian, Shakespeare the great Englishman, Beethoven the great German." *Victor Hugo*

"He developed (the symphony) to its highest point, doing for it what Rembrandt did for painting." *Arthur Bodansky*

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

GROUND GAINERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on realizing that the Ivy League has as much brawn as it does brains. Your acknowledgment of Cornell's Ed Marinaro (*How They Do Run On*, Nov. 1) was very much deserved. It has been a long time since someone has dominated the league like Ed has.

While playing fewer games than Steve Owens, Marinaro has surpassed his rushing record. If that does not earn him the Heisman Trophy, nothing will.

RICHARD SCOFIELD

Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins mentions the Houston Veer T and fails to acknowledge that Houston's Robert Newhouse is one of the best exponents of the triple option. Newhouse gained 182 yards against Alabama's vaunted defense in 22 carries (compared to Musso's 123 yards in 22 attempts). Newhouse followed with 192 yards in the Florida State game. Newhouse is also obvious in the "stats," ranking third in the country behind only Marinaro and Pruitt with 1,096 yards in seven games.

Speaking of Marinaro, since when did the Ivy League defenses become so excruciating to run through? Eastern sentiment should not play such a large role in the selection of ground gainers.

CARL F. RILEY

Houston

Sirs:

Bernard Jackson, senior tailback for Washington State, is constantly rolling up yardage against the Pacific Eight's best defenses. After WSU's fantastic upset of Stanford, in which he gained 141 yards on 24 carries, Jackson went into battle the next week against Bobby Moore of Oregon. While leading WSU to a 31–21 victory, Jackson set a WSU record by outgaining Moore 261 yards to 161 and took over Moore's Pacific Eight lead in rushing.

JEFF BARBER

Spokane

Sirs:

Your article really brought out the fact that this year's college teams are loaded with excellent backs. But you failed to mention Wisconsin's Rufus (Road Runner) Ferguson. Rufus has been the leading scorer in the Big Ten and, in my opinion, he is the best running back in the conference.

GERRY AYERS

Ridgeway, Wis.

REASON TO RUN

Sirs:

Kenny Moore's sensitive insight into the world of cross-country running (*They Take the Scenic Route*, Nov. 1) is superb, not only for its content but also because it reflects the efforts of SI to continue to explore the meanings man has attached to his multidimensional sport form.

R. E. LYNDE

Rohnert Park, Calif.

Sirs:

I read with great enjoyment your article on cross-country. Seldom have you captured so well the esthetic side of a sport. You have made vivid to the reader a fact known by all cross-country runners: it *is* fun to run. Thanks.

RALPH G. POWELL

Coon Rapids, Minn.

COACH MOTTA

Sirs:

Congratulations to Frank Deford for his fine article on Dick Motta, coach of the Chicago Bulls (*Beware, Little Big Man Is Here*, Oct. 25). It is great to see a man work his way to the top as Motta has, starting with junior high school and progressively earning his way higher. So many of the coaches in pro basketball today are ex-players with no previous coaching experience. It's nice to know that the man who works hard for success still has a chance to make it.

BOB LEACH

Whittier, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank goodness one NBA owner had the excellent judgment to seek out and, more importantly, to hire a coach and not just another NBA reject. There are other Mottas out here, coaches who can coach, who love the game and believe in playing it as a team effort. However, so far, too few owners have wised up. Instead, they hire, fire and rehire the same tired ex-players and ex-coaches.

Keep it up, Dick, keep coaching, a rarity in the NBA.

JERAY PHIPPS

Baltimore

Sirs:

Regarding your fine article on Chicago Coach Dick Motta, Frank Deford states that Motta and Milwaukee Coach Larry Costello are the only NBA coaches with high school coaching experience. Upon checking the records, you may find that Portland Trail Blazer Coach Rolland Todd

continued

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If in the end I didn't make it as the greatest hitter who ever lived—that long-ago boyhood dream—I kind of enjoy thinking I may have become in those last years the greatest old hitter who ever lived. It gives you something to think about when you're waiting for the fish to bite.

HITTING WAS MY LIFE
Ted Williams
from Sports Illustrated, June 24, 1968

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also fits into that exclusive category. Considering the excellent job Todd did with his expansion team last season, I think it is entirely fitting that he be grouped with the more successful Motta and Costello. However, in no way did this oversight detract from your article. Motta is truly an exceptional man.

MARK LARSON

APO New York

HIGH SCHOOL SCENE

Sirs:

I think Carlton Stowers' article *A Pride of Lions in Cattle Country* (Nov. 1) is not only a tribute to Coach Gordon Wood and the Brownwood (Texas) Lions but a tribute to all high school teams and coaches across the nation. Woody, Ara and Bear have long been gaining recognition for their accomplishments, and I think it's time we saluted the Gordon Woods. Not just anyone can get a 143-pound fullback to run for daylight!

NICK NARDINE

Canonsburg, Pa.

THREE FOR THE SHOW (CONT.)

Sirs:

As an ex-jock and one who has been involved in radio and TV for the past nine years, I read your story on Howard Cosell, Don Meredith and Frank Gifford (*What Are They Doing with the Sacred Game of Pro Football?* Oct. 25) with a great deal of interest. I've known Howard for years, and I find him to be one of the most intelligent and stimulating of men, though I don't always agree with his pronouncements. His blanket statement about jocks not having specialized knowledge is ridiculous.

One of Howard's gripes about ex-jocks, and all sports announcers, is that they don't tell it "like it is." Howard hasn't been doing his homework. I place the late Don Hoak of the Pirates, Tom Brookshier of CBS Sports and myself in the category of being accurate and being honest.

This sounds like a pitch for the so-called color men, but it's not meant to be. There is no doubt that the play-by-play men still carry the ball, and that's the way it should be. However, I feel the ex-jock color men have also made a valuable contribution to radio and TV sports reporting.

RICH ASHBURN

Gladwyne, Pa.

THAT OLD GANG OF ALLEN'S

Sirs:

I was overjoyed with your article on the Redskins (*The Ice-Cream Man Cometh*, Oct. 25). The outstanding performance of the Over the Hill Gang has done much to soothe the pain of the Senators' departure. But, more important, our 'Skins have produced a winner in a town that has been starving

continued

Reaction time.

Harmon Wages knows how important quick reactions are in pro ball. A player's instant responses can determine a game. And a season.

But Harmon knows there are some moves you think about before making. Like the one he made in signing on as a free agent with the Atlanta Falcons. A considered move which put him on the field in 13 games as a rookie. That year he caught nine passes in one game to set a team record. He soon took over at fullback and now holds four team records.

Another good move Harmon made was to take Army ROTC at the University of Florida. That thoughtful move gave him a unique course in management development and leadership. A useful complement to his major in business administration.

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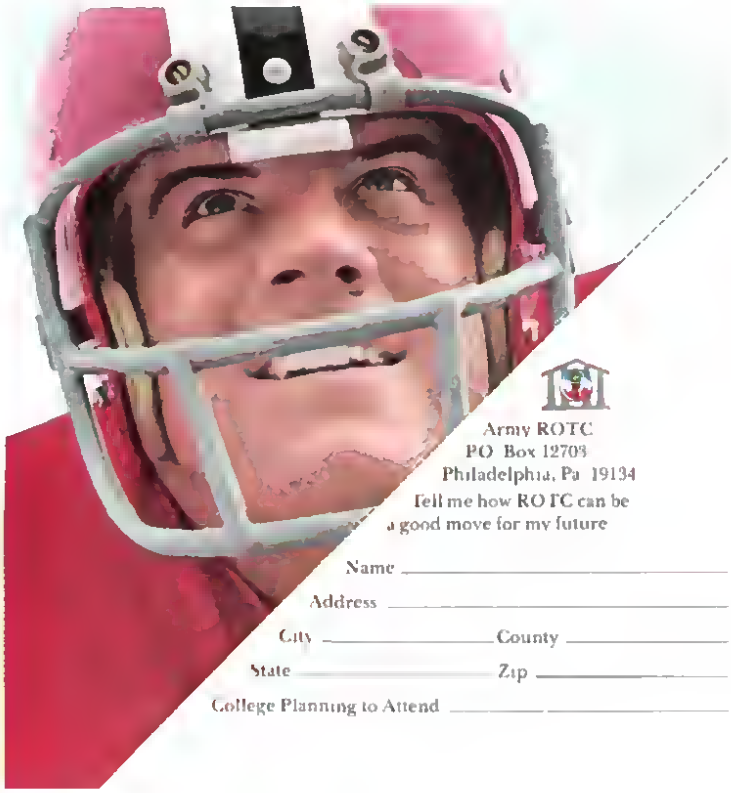

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for winners. Their early success has proven that Washington is a good sports town when it has a team that is not floundering in the depths of mediocrity.

GRAYSON FITZHUGH

Lexington, Va.

Sirs:

After moving to Washington in 1959 I watched the Redskins in anguish and good faith for 10 years. Even after I left Washington, for the snow and skiing of Colorado, I always read the Monday paper to see how my Redskins had done on Sunday. But not until this year have I ever been so proud of a football team. I hope Washington goes all the way! Thank you, George Allen.

BOB BEDFORD

Snowmass-at-Aspen, Colo.

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI and John Underwood for the very fine article. But I guess the "old men" will have to beat Kansas City before anybody believes they are for real.

DENNIS BORRAS

Bladensburg, Md.

SAINTS ALIVE!

Sirs:

Now that the Saints have won the two victories you predicted for them (Scouting Reports, Sept. 20), I'd like to bring you up to date on the team. J. D. Roberts has done the best job with young material of any coach in the league. Our "leaky" defensive line dumped Cowboy Quarterback Craig Morton three times behind one of the best offensive lines in the NFL; it also forced three interceptions and two fumbles. Our "leaky" secondary made three interceptions and held Dunne Thomas to 58 yards rushing. And our "leaky" offensive line enabled Archie Manning to run for two touchdowns. Many other teams could use some "leaky" lines, if that's how "leaky" lines play.

JOE LASSUS

New Orleans

JOE PATERNO'S BOYS

Sirs:

That was a great article by Pat Putnam (*Saved by the Itch to Switch*, Oct. 25). I have never read a better one about this fine Penn State team. All the credit for the team's success goes to Joe Paterno and his aggressive coaching, always working for the better.

DAVID FARACE

Port Jervis, N.Y.

Sirs:

Penn State's Joe Paterno continues to prove that topnotch college football can be played without bending admission requirements or hiding players in the safety of the phys. ed. curriculum. When Paterno need-

continued

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State _____ Zip _____

QTY	Code	Team	QTY	Code	Team	QTY	Code	Team
	BA5	Baltimore Colts		NY4	New York Jets		GB3	Green Bay Packers
	BB18	Buffalo Bills		OK9	Oakland Raiders		LA1	Los Angeles Rams
	CN21	Cincinnati Bengals		PS23	Pittsburgh Steelers		MV6	Minnesota Vikings
	CL10	Cleveland Browns		SD22	San Diego Chargers		NO19	New Orleans Saints
	DN25	Denver Broncos		AT17	Atlanta Falcons		NYG12	New York Giants
	HO24	Houston Oilers		CH7	Chicago Bears		PE14	Philadelphia Eagles
	KC8	Kansas City Chiefs		DC2	Dallas Cowboys		SF20	San Francisco 49ers
	MI11	Miami Dolphins		DET16	Detroit Lions		SL15	St. Louis Cardinals
	NE26	New England Patriots					WR13	Washington Redskins

ed a new quarterback, he didn't look to the nearest farm team, *i.e.*, junior college. He merely moved an aspiring accountant to the position. The defense, which includes engineering and science majors and three players averaging well over 3.0, has held opponents to fewer than 7.5 points a game through the first half of the season.

Paterno has brought his brainy troops southward to win Orange Bowl games in two of the last three years. I hope he gets the chance to do it again.

PAUL LEVINE
Miami

HULL CONSTRUCTION

Sirs:

Re your article on the United States Sailboat Show at Annapolis (*They Do Go Near the Water*, Oct. 25), please note that the ferro-cement hull built there was not "slapped together."

The logistical and space problems involved in the actual construction of a hull at a boat show were overcome only by careful preparation and exceptional effort. Even though, as you pointed out, 2½ inches of rain were dumped on us on cementing day, we went right ahead and finished the hull on schedule. To my knowledge, nobody has ever built a comparable hull (32 feet) of any material at a boat show before.

The reasons for building the hull were to demonstrate the ease of construction (375 man-hours) and the low cost ($900 in materials) of ferro-cement construction, as well as to encourage the amateur builder. For those of us who don't have $39,000 in $100 bills to peel off for a new C&C 39, ferro-cement construction offers a path to yacht ownership without heavy expenditure. In addition, our ferro-cement boats will likely outlive us.

JIM CHAMBERS
Samson Marine Design Enterprises Ltd.
Savage, Md.

HALF AN INCH AND A LOT OF DUST

Sirs:

You stated in SCORECARD ("New England Style," Oct. 25) that, in its recent game against Vermont, Rhode Island "marched 99 yards, two feet and 11½ inches to score." Cute, but wrong. You forgot that a football is approximately 11½ inches long. The "front" of the football determines the line of scrimmage—the "front" depending upon who has the ball. Thus, when possession changes, the line of scrimmage necessarily changes by 11½ inches due to this change in perspective (even though the ball itself does not move).

Therefore, although Vermont gave up the ball after having reached Rhode Island's one-inch line, Rhode Island must have taken possession on the 12½-inch line. Even after Rhode Island was penalized one-half inch,

continued

We grew up on a rough street.

Back in 1935, there weren't any balls that could take the streets. Leather balls got their expensive hides torn off. And beachballs were just plain silly.

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This Exclusive Formula Gives Prompt, Temporary Relief In Many Cases from such Pain. Also Helps Shrink Swelling of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Due to Infection.

News about a most effective medication comes from a recent survey of doctors. Asked what they, themselves, use to relieve such painful symptoms, many of the doctors reporting, named one particular medication they either use themselves or in their office practice.

This medication gives prompt relief for hours in many cases from pain and itching of hemorrhoidal tissues. And it actually helps shrink swelling of such tissues caused by infection. Tests by doctors showed this to be true.

The medication used was Preparation H®—the same exclusive formula you can buy at any drug counter without a prescription. Just see if doctor tested Preparation H doesn't help *you*. There's no other formula like it. Ointment or suppositories.

which, as you noted, was half the distance to the goal line, they could only have marched 99 yards and two feet to score.

EDWARD N STONER
J. LEIGH GRIFFITH

Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

If the ball was on the half-inch line, Rhode Island's drive should have measured 100 yards, minus one-half inch and the length of the football. Apparently it's tougher to figure out than it is to do.

JOHN C ENGSTROM

Seattle

THE SERIES IN REVIEW

Sirs:

I'm glad that at least one major publication has seen the error of its ways and announced to the American public that the Pittsburgh Pirates are the best team in baseball (*Some Kind of a Comeback*, Oct. 25). I appreciated William Leggett's article. However, I think you erred in your choice of a cover for that issue. It would have been immensely better had you used a picture of Clemente, Blass or any other Pirate star instead of a shot of pro basketball's Gus Johnson and Dave DeBusschere battling for position. The World Series is the most important sporting event in America.

GREGORY GYAUCH

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

We Pittsburgh fans expected your cover to be a picture of Ron Fimrite eating the Oct. 18 issue of SI.

BETTY LOWRY SCHIER

Beaver Falls, Pa.

Sirs:

I congratulate William Leggett on his fine article. It *was* some kind of a comeback, and I think the 1971 Series showed the baseball world just who is really No. 1—the Pittsburgh Pirates.

STEVE ROSS

Coalton, W. Va.

Sirs:

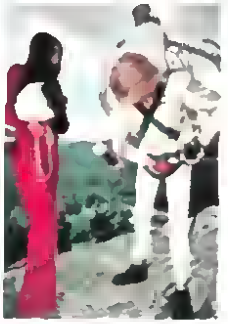
My congratulations on a fine article. But while you mentioned Clemente's feats, you failed to give enough recognition to Catcher Manny Sanguillen, who collected 11 hits to Roberto's 12 for the Series. It was Sanguillen's plate-to-first speed that gave the Bucs many of their clutch singles, and his strong arm prevented base stealing by the Bufords and the Blairs.

BRAD PETTIT

Meadville, Pa.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

"Mountain hopping, it's sort of the jet age answer to mountain climbing."



"All you need is a rocket pack a pretty assistant—and you're ready to hop your first mountain. Our take-off point, Cheakamus Canyon, in the Tantalus Mountains of British Columbia. Susan makes a last-minute check, setting her stopwatch to my fuel gauge. Now the last and most important piece of equipment—my radio helmet. Without it, Susan can't signal me to land when my fuel starts getting low

"3. 2. 1 Varooom! Suddenly I was skyward I felt like a giant bird who could soar to the top of any mountain. All I could think of was . next hop Mt. Everest.

"Later, we joined a friend in the comfort of a mountain inn And toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C C welcomes you More people appreciate its gentle manners The pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. They admire its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whisky, anywhere Canadian Club— "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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